THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2056.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

There is death in the house, and all is still,
With an awful hush that is not repose,
But a strained and anxious sense of ill,
That dull, dread pain the bereaved heart knows—
A mountain weight, as if human life
Were crushing upon us the woes of years—
And the fevered eye-balls weep in vain.
There's no relief in their scalding tears.

Not a sound breaks the painful hush.
Save the clock's loud tick, more painful still,
And we list to its dull, monotonous beat,
Till thought is a chaos, and reams at will—
And we blankly gaze at the walls, the room,
Then out at the sunshine's mocking glare—
And we wonder why death and grief must be,
And who could ever think *life* was fair.

And sorrow will linger, till heart and brain
Are well nigh crazed by the grief of years,
And the bliss this life once promised us
Has long been quenched in our falling tears.
God pity us. God help us all.
His love alone, that is strong to save,
Can help us bear the burden of life,
And light the gloom that surrounds the grave.

Painted Post, N. Y.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

Erle Gower, with a heavy heart and a clouded mind, turned his back upon Kingswood Hall.

The solitude of a lonely copse had enabled him to restore his attire, and when he accomplished this, he made his way to the railway-station whither he had the night previously despatched his valise.

Once out of Kingswood Park, he easily found the building he sought, and by one of those coincidences which seem, according to some infallible rule, never to occur when most wished for, a train was announced as being in sight just as he arrived there.

"Where for?" inquired the ticket-clerk, as he approached the square opening through which the face and hands of the official could be comfortably seen.

"London!" Erle replied.

"London?" echoed the clerk, stamped the ticket, named the amount required, and handing up the small white ticket, said, "There you are."

The word "London," though uttered by himself, sounded in Erle's ear like the boom of a bell. "London," echoed by the clerk, had an equally forcible effect. "London," the mightiest city in the universe, rang through his brain as he worked his way among a throng of hurrying, frantic, crowding individuals, displaying an excitement perfectly unnecessary, and which, altogether, was a waste of power.

He took his seat, on the arrival of the train, in the unoccupied compartment of a first-class carriage, and leaned his aching, throbbing temples against the cushioned side. A shrieking whistle, and away flew the train. His saddened eyes caught sight of the turrets and pinnacles of Kingswood Hall.

Cold, sullen, and stern rose the incongruous pile of buildings, backed by a solid purple mass of leafless trees. A dull, leaden sky stretched upwards, and gave a cheerless aspect to the whole scene and its surroundings.

"Is that a home where to weave golden sunshine out of weeping clouds?" he murmured bitterly. "Ishmael, you have mocked me. I have placed my foot boldly upon the polished flooring of Lord Kingswood's proudest hall. I have stood with head erect beneath his roof. Behold, oh, Ishmael, the result? Am I not a fugitive and an outcast? Thou art a false prophet, Ishmael, and I will not further trust thee."

He flung himself back in the carriage. Yet, in another moment, he leaned forward, and with beat brows, gazed again solicitously and earnestly at the Hall.

"Aye, within that leaden casket is a Portia fairer, gentler, sweeter far than ever poet drew, than lover e'er before, even by the happy accident of a blind success, ever chose. Not for me art thou, Maud—not for me! Yet may Heaven smile on thee, and make the commonest incidents of a calm, untroubled life minister to thy happiness."

The wish had not left his lips when the carriage, rushing into a cutting, abruptly shut out from his view Kingswood Hall, and once more he sank back in the carriage sad and despondent.

ERLE'S FIRST MEETING WITH BEATRICE.

Once a troubled thought of Philip Avon crossed him. *Not because that he had left him, as it seemed, desperately wounded. Perfect master of fence, he had wounded Philip with the sword where he had pleased, and dangerously nowhere. In mere humiliating scorn he had done this. Equally was he a superb marksman with the pistol. He had intended to mark Philip Avon only, not to kill him.* He could not see in the hurried moment which followed the discharge of his pistol where his bullet had taken effect, but he was sure, as if he had, that it had shattered the upper bone of Philip's right arm. It was no such thought, however, that troubled him.

It was that, when he had recovered from his wounds, the field of love where Lady Maud sat the queenly pure would be open to him undisputed.

It was this thought which made Erle's brow more clouded, and his lips compress more tightly together. It was such a thought as this which made him contemplate his position and its vague indefiniteness with such painful, impetuous impatience. It was this thought which recurred to him when eager to enter the arena of life, and do desperate fight for its highest prizes, which intruded itself, and damped its ardor. While he was daring, struggling, toiling, Philip would be wooing. What if he achieved some proud position, wrenched from the blistering fire of mortal competition some high prize among those great gifts attainable only by vast industry, perseverance, and self-abnegation! Years would have passed, and his present rich, dark locks would be silvered, not more by his trials, his struggles, the severity of his labors, than the hand of time itself.

What without her would be his triumph?—a glittering flower sparkling over a myriad of thorns.

He was tempted to wish that Philip Avon had selected the pistol charged with the bullet.

"At least," he said, as he glanced his eyes upwards, "there I should have been awaiting her coming, unmoved by the chilling crosses of life, restless only that her advent on earth might be delayed."

His dreams, aspirations, and abstractions were cut short by the arrival of the train at the London terminus.

Here all was bustle, noise, and seeming confusion. Passengers hurried here, and porters darted there, cabmen stood on the box of their four-wheelers, or sat perched on diminished dickeys behind Hansom's, all holding up hands armed with whips, as if they expected you, and recognized you all at once. There was the banging of doors, the flight of a cloud of luggage, the hoarse and prolonged shrieks of the railway-engine whistle, the tramp of two thousand feet, and the chorus of one thousand voices, complications, and entanglements of human beings, sweeping like troubled rapids to one place of egress.

Erle was completely bewildered. He was run against, pushed about, turned round, thrust onwards, and elbowed, until he got angry, and his anger was not mollified by observing a man staggering under his valise, and moving off—certainly slowly, but decidedly moving off with it.

The romantic was rudely thrust aside by the practical.

He went after the individual bearing his property, and said to him, not very mildly,

"Hey! fellow, that is my valise you are carrying away."

The man, whose purpled physiognomy was level with his waist, turned round.

"Got your ticket?" he said.

Erle remembered that he had received a ticket bearing a number corresponding with *one which had been pasted upon his valise*, and he produced it.

The man, who was a railway-porter, ejaculated—

"All right!"

He put down the valise, and dragged it to the side of a Hansom cab, in which he placed it, leaving Erle but a very small space to sit in.

He touched his cap, Erle intuitively knew to what it alluded. He gave a small coin to the man, who made it disappear with the celerity of a magician. Thanking him, he said,

"Where to, sir?"

Aye—*where!*

Erle was staggered by the question. It was very well on quitting Kingswood to make London his destination, but then London possessed an area of more than thirty miles, and it was necessary for him to fix upon some point within that area where he would for the nonce be set down.

With a disconcerted air, he replied—

"I am a stranger in London. You had better convey me to some respectable inn."

"Where?" cried the cabman to the railway porter, as Erle stepped into the vehicle.

"The gentleman wants to go to some respectable inn," answered the porter, and having got his prohibited fee, he darted away after some other passengers' luggage.

The cabman knew he had got a stranger in his net, in which all who entered were fish, and some of them golden fish, too. He opened his little trap-door, and surveyed his prize, looking down upon him as a hawk would a pigeon.

Satisfied with his inspection, he called out:

"Ain't no inns now in London, sir. Hall 'otels now, sir."

"Very well. Drive me to some respectable hotel," answered Erle, immediately.

The cabman shut down his trap upon his pigeon. He was then beneath the vast roofed shed at the terminus of the Great-Western Railway, and he turned his thoughts upon quiet hotels at Norwood, Rotherhithe, Poplar, Hackney. For the moment he was embarrassed by the riches of lengthy distances presented to him by an active brain and the organ of avarice.

He started off before he could decide upon a choice, but resolving to make the distance considerable, and the fare enormous, he quitted the shed for somewhere.

Alas for the fallibility of human calculations!

As the cab swept round Southick-crescent, a voice hailed the cabman, and an equestrian galloped up to the side of the cab, and bending his face towards Erle, he cried—

"What, Gower, old fellow, up to London at last."

Erle looked up, and saw the well known face of a schoolfellow, who had left Cramboy's six months previously.

The cab was stopped, and after a brief greeting and shaking of hands, Erle explained his position, at least so far as referred to his being a stranger in London, without an idea where to establish his quarters.

"The very thing," replied his friend. "My governor's gone abroad. We can accommodate you very comfortably for a month or so, until you have time to select for yourself. I have often invited you home, you know, and now I am able to prove my sincerity. Shan't take a refusal. Cabby, drive to Hyde Park-gardens. I will tell you at which house to pull up."

The cab-driver, with the aspect of one who was suffering under a grievous wrong which he dared not resent, proceeded to Hyde Park-gardens, and stopped the cab at the door of a stylish house, pointed out to him by Erle's unexpected companion.

The man and vehicle discharged, Erle, within a few minutes, found himself in a well-furnished sleeping apartment, valise and all, before he had time even to reflect upon the propriety of accepting the courtesy proffered to him in a manner and at a moment so completely unlooked for.

Had there been an opportunity for calm and quiet deliberation, he would, unquestionably, have declined this invitation, and would, for a time at least, have remained secluded, so that he might fairly weigh in his mind the best path for him hereafter to pursue. But the proposition was made to him at a moment when his mind was in a chaos of confusion, uncertain whither to direct his steps, and an act of friendly courtesy was a boon which came to him with especially grateful force, and he yielded without a dissentient gesture.

Yes; here he was, safely housed, within a few minutes of his arrival in London, at the very instant when he believed himself deserting and deserted by the whole world.

"Stanhope, I am really deeply indebted to you for your kindness," he exclaimed, in reply to the urgings of his schoolfellow to make himself at home.

"Don't entertain any such nonsense," returned his companion and host. "You recollect saving my life when I was attacked by that beastly old bull of Farmer Goring's, eh, old boy? I should think, after that affair, I ought to show you some little attention. Now, look you here, Gower. You were always a proud, grave, reserved, dignified, keep yourself-to-yourself kind of fellow at Cramboy's, you know; we used to call you the son of an Emperor, the brother of a King, the nephew of the Sultan, and first cousin of the Tycoon of Japan. Now, you can be here as grand as you like, as jolly as you please, or as cold as marble. All I ask of you is to make yourself at home, and be satisfied that you are only receiving, while you stay with me, the first instalment of a debt which can never be fully repaid."

"Except by such acknowledgments as you are now making," returned Erle, smiling.

"By nothing of the sort," quickly returned his companion. "Now, look here, Gower, I have a call to make, and you will like to renovate your toilet after your journey. By the time you have done that, I shall be back, and we will take lunch with my sister Beatrice. He waved his hand and ran out of the room.

Carlton Stanhope was a light, gay, handsome young fellow, with whom, hitherto, the world had trundled pleasantly. He had a generous spirit, and being of a frank and sociable nature, seldom made enemies, if his intimacies never reached the grander proportions of friendship. Erle had been accustomed to regard him in the light of a mere school associate; better, perhaps, than the average, but frivolous withal. Already he began to entertain a better opinion of him.

As soon as he was alone, the strange contrast which the elegantly-furnished chamber in which he sat presented to the scene in the Chace struck him forcibly. The grim, blood-stained figure of Philip Avon would thrust itself before his sight; again he saw that pallid, ghastly face, with its menacing eyes, its gory lips, and deadly, vindictive expression! Again he saw the flash from his pistol; felt the dull heat; heard the report, and the wild shriek which followed it. But with the painful vision there came the sense of present calm, of luxurious personal comfort, with a mind disordered. There was, too, floating in his brain, a strange impression, entertained instinctively rather than conceived, that the events of the morning had been acted in a time long past. A few hours had placed more than a hundred miles between him and the Chace, and it seemed as if an interval of years had elapsed since he had gone through a mortal struggle with Philip Avon.

This delusion was owing, mainly, to the stamp of antiquity borne by Kingswood Hall and its surroundings, and the fresh modern aspect of everything presented to his eyes from the moment he had taken his seat in the train, to the time he sat thoughtfully eyeing the appointments of the bed-chamber to which Carlton Stanhope had introduced him.

But even his contemplation, disturbed and distracted as its nature necessarily was, had its limits, and the elasticity of youth enabled him to shake off at least some of the wild, despairing dejection into which reflections on what had occurred, and the situation in which he was placed, had flung him.

He saw by a glance at the toilet-glass how jaded, pale, even haggard he looked, from the effects of his intense mental excitement and the fatigue he had undergone; he therefore sat to work to remove some of the traces, and had barely succeeded, when Carlton Stanhope re-appeared.

His lively rattle and great flow of spirits were rather a boon to Erle, for they prevented him dwelling on unpleasant subjects, and compelled him to an effort to appear cheerful, no matter what were his real feelings.

He rallied him upon his emancipation from school, and touched on very tender ground in doing so, for he made allusions to Erle's relatives and his home, which were exceedingly painful. He did not, however, appear to notice the effect of his thoughtless observations, and, to Erle's great relief, suddenly checked himself by saying, as he looked at his watch,

"By Jove, we are keeping lunch waiting; the presiding deity will frown upon us for being late. Come along, Gower."

He took Erle's arm as he spoke, and descending the stairs, entered a pretty sitting-room.

Reclining on an easy chair, reading a book which had outwardly a strong resemblance to the "last new novel," was a young lady, who, without taking her eyes off the page she was perusing, said, as Carlton and Erle entered the room,

"Your conduct is positively abominable, Carlton. You have kept me waiting for half an hour, and now you can enjoy the bliss of sitting and counting your fingers until I have finished my chapter."

Carlton laughed merrily, and said, rapidly,

"This deponent pleadeth guilty; but though he doth not ask grace for himself, he prayeth it for his friend, Mr. Gower, who hath journeyed many a weary mile. Wayworn, and with the appetite of an ostrich, he claimeth our hospitality; will you, oh, my sister, deny it unto him?"

Before Carlton concluded his speech, the young lady removed the book from before her eyes, and instantly, on perceiving Erle, rose to her feet.

She regarded him with an air of surprise, and a rosy blush mantled her cheek.

Her brother, who evidently enjoyed her unequivocal wonder, rattled on,

"Permit me to introduce to you, Beatrice," he said, with a mock earnestness, "a gentleman you have hitherto known only by repute. You have, I know, often thought of him with a sigh; and, I think, you once confessed to me that you offered up prayers on his behalf—"

"Carlton!" she ejaculated, in an offended tone, while her face became yet more crimsoned.

He waved his hand with a slight flourish.

"Yet a moment," he said, in the same tone as before. "This, Beatrice, is the Mr. Gower, my old schoolfellow, who, like the Winchester scholar, never went home in his holidays, never received visits from affectionate relatives laden with fruits of the earth, cakes of the confectioner, and golden coin of the realm. Here you have, in his own proper person, that same grave, quiet, proud, reserved, cold, haughty, fierce, generous, impetuous genius, who leaped into the captaincy of the school when no bigger than a fourth-form boy, and who was acknowledged the best runner, jumper, rider, fencer, cricketer, swimmer among us; in short, that very Erle Gower, of whom I have often spoken, and you have so often expressed a wish to see. There, now, how about the odious chapter?"

The face of his sister underwent a marvellous change as he thoughtlessly rattled on. Her eyes fastened on the face of Erle with a settled gaze, her lips gradually became pale, and her face yet whiter. She seemed to experience for a moment a difficult in breathing, but as her brother concluded, she flung her book aside, and extended her hand impulsively to Erle.

He took it—it was deathly cold: he pressed it, the pressure was returned, but at the same instant, her hand was hurriedly withdrawn, and with drooping eyelids, she said, in a voice which was very low, and trembled in every tone,

"Mr. Gower, as my brother's friend, you—you are welcome."

Carlton Stanhope laughed boisterously.

"Nervous, by Jove!" he cried. "What you—you, Beatrice, nervous and flurried! ho, ho! a triumph for you, Gower," he added, turning to Erle. "She is self-possession itself in the presence of a duke, has rather an indifferent opinion of marquises, and, lo! she trembles at the sight of an 'Erle.'"

Both Erle and Beatrice Stanhope looked embarrassed; the young lady, in fact, was evidently distressed, and turned a beseeching glance at her brother, who only smiled more roguishly than ever.

He shrugged his shoulders, motioned to both to be seated, and as he himself sat down, he said,

"An execrable pun, I confess, but opportunity makes the thief, you know; and though I confess to no weak hankering after the foible of pocket-picking, I could not resist committing the sin which occasion forced upon me."

The appearance of servants to wait upon them during lunch, diverted the conversation into another channel, and gave Erle an opportunity of observing the sister of his friend, especially as Carlton Stanhope absorbed the conversation, and Beatrice sat like Parasina, still pale and silent, without raising her eyes more than once or twice—at each of which times they encountered those of Erle, and were dropped suddenly.

Erle had thus full opportunity of perceiving that Beatrice Stanhope was about his own age, rather tall, but slight in figure, yet graceful, and almost perfect in form. Her complexion was pale, without a tinge of sallowness; her features were handsomely shaped; her eyes were dark, large, and brilliant; her nose thin and slightly aquiline; her lips small and sweetly formed; her hair a glossy jet. She was a type of a style of beauty he had not before seen; but though it was impossible for him not to admire it, her charms served only to heighten in his estimation those of Lady Maud.

In truth, as he looked from time to time upon her, so quiet and voiceless, her long, black eyelashes resting on her marble cheek, he thought of the soft loveliness of Lady Maud, as he had fondly gazed upon it in the subdued light of the antique library; and he sighed to think his eyes were not resting upon it now—that they might never gaze upon it more.

The lunch was soon got over, and Carl-

ton insisted upon Erle's accompanying him for a ride, to which he assented the more readily, as he fancied he perceived a desire on the part of Beatrice to escape from the apartment. Carlton wished her to join them, but she pleaded a sudden headache, declined, and rather abruptly withdrew. As she passed Erle, she turned her fine eyes full upon his, and smiled; a crimson bloom overspread her face, and she quickened her step—almost darting out of the room, leaving the question Carlton put to her without a reply.

Carlton smoothed the tips of his dark moustache with his fingers.

"Very odd," he soliloquised; "I never saw her act thus before."

Erle felt a sharp pang pass through his breast. His eye kindled.

"I am an intruder here!" he exclaimed, suddenly and stiffly.

Carlton glanced at him with surprise.

"Pshaw!" he rejoined. "You don't know Beatrice. For the matter of that, I do not; of this, however, you may be assured: she is very well pleased at the opportunity of meeting with you, and very well vexed, I will be sworn, at the indisposition which prevents her joining us; but there, she was always a strange girl, and girls of all kinds are odd in their ways. So, let us have our ride, and not vex ourselves by idle fancies, which are not likely ever to touch the facts."

Beatrice that day kept her chamber, and Erle and Carlton dined alone, Erle retiring early, for he was exhausted by the fatigue, bodily and mental, which he had undergone since his departure from Kingswood.

A month nearly elapsed.

During that period Erle was almost constantly in the society of Beatrice. It seemed, in fact, scarcely possible for him, while in the house, to move without finding her near to him. When her brother was present she spoke but little; when they were alone, she exercised her woman's privilege unceasingly. A thousand questions on every variety of subjects she had to put to him. She desired his opinions upon books, music, paintings—every subject which a refined taste or a cultivated imagination could suggest.

She listened to him with avidity, and her large, gazelle-like eyes never seemed to weary with gazing on his face.

All this, however, only when they were alone. In her brother's presence she was reserved, impassive. There was no coldness, no distance in her manner; but there was no animation, nor yet an apathetic indifference at which offence might be taken.

When alone with Erle, there was a richness in her voice, a lustre in her eye, an enthusiasm in her language, and a fervor in her action and mien, which contrasted strongly as well as strangely with her occasional listlessness.

Erle was too inexperienced to trace this alternation of warmth and undemonstrativeness to a cause. It was impossible for him not to notice it, but without seeking to find a solution to it, he contented himself with the conviction that there was far more learning, ability, taste, and intellectual intelligence beneath her calm and polished exterior than the world knew anything about.

During this time Erle had visited, with Carlton, several places of interest or amusement, but he shrunk from appearing much abroad. He tried to wrestle with this feeling, but he did so in vain.

He endeavored to combat it because he knew that, every day brought him nearer to that which would see him quit the residence of hospitality of which he was now enjoying, in order, with steadfast faith in his own powers, to face his future.

The repugnance he felt was occasioned by his sense of his equivocal position at Kingswood Hall, his secret flight from thence, and the scene between himself and Philip Avon in Kingswood Chace.

His short sojourn in London rendered him peculiarly alive to his want of experience, and he was several times prompted to write to Ishmael at the address he had received, acquainting him with his arrival in London. Yet there was some inward recoiling to meet again that cold, pale, stern man, even though he knew he held within his keeping the secret of his real history. Aye, even though the words which fell from that strangely beautiful and mysterious maiden of Kingswood Chace, led him to the supposition that the same remarkable being who had been her only friend in life, was identical with that Ishmael who had enacted the same part to him.

He had within his valise fifty pounds. Ishmael had given it to him that he should not enter Kingswood Hall a beggar; that should any pecuniary want arise immediately on his arrival at Kingswood Hall he might meet it, and thus be spared the necessity of applying too soon to Lord Kingswood for funds it would be afterwards his duty to supply.

Abandoning the idea of an application to Ishmael, he resolved to devote this sum to his commencement of the active duties of that life wherein he was to carve his own fortune. He was, however, at a loss for an opening, he knew not where nor how to commence, and he was too proud to ask counsel of Carlton Stanhope, who, though in some respects frivolous, knew more of the world's ways than he did.

He was desirous of acting without loss of further time, urged by his anxiety to know what had followed his departure from Kingswood, for the absence of all intelligence was almost unbearable, yet he hesitated.

At last, after weighing the matter, he resolved to abate something of his pride, and without letting Carlton further into his confidence than he thought necessary, to ask for suggestions as to the best mode of opening up some career for himself likely to be both honorable and profitable.

That evening at dessert, while engaged in conversation with Carlton and his sister, he, as if accidentally, touched upon his future, which he intimated was at present undefined, and might be worked out in some far-distant country.

A fancy crossed him at this moment that the large, deep-brown eyes of Beatrice, which he perceived were fastened upon him with a steadfast, earnest, thoughtful gaze, were suffused with moisture. A moment more and her pale face was bent downwards, and perhaps his impression was but fancy after all.

Carlton Stanhope responded.

"We can manage better than by expatriating you, Gower," he said, in an easy, nonchalant tone. "I expect the governor home in a few days. He has heard of you from me many times. Now he is an old friend of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood, and Lord Kingswood has great influence with the minister, the Marquis of Chillingham. You shall have a government appointment. I am expecting one every day, and you shall, therefore, remain here to win all the emoluments and the honors of office. By-the-bye, while on my way to the Treasury this morning on my own business, I met the Honorable Cyril Kingswood—your pet, you know, Beatrice. He was walking up Whitehall, at a quick pace, and looks decidedly ill. However, he has promised to lunch with us to-morrow, and we will talk over your advancement, Gower. You will find him a very agreeable, pleasant, charming fellow. Is he not, Beatrice? Mind, you know, you must look as enchanting as possible, for he is a prize in every respect worth a woman's winning."

Erle had but a hazy notion of what followed until they retired from the table, then pleading sudden indisposition, he declined attending an evening party to which Carlton had procured him an invitation with his sister and himself, even though Beatrice, with rather unusual earnestness, pressed him to accompany them.

Alone in his sleeping-chamber, he penned a note to Carlton, couched in fervid language, thanking him and his sister with grateful sincerity for their kindness and hospitality, and expressed his great regret that unlooked-for intelligence had compelled him to quit him in a manner which appeared abrupt and ungracious, but which he begged him to believe was not so intended.

Shortly after Carlton and Beatrice quitted the house, Erle called the butler, requested him to deliver the note to Carlton in the morning, when he came down to breakfast, and then summoning a cab, he entered it, and drove away, whither he knew not, and, as he bitterly thought, cared not.

CHAPTER XX.

Upon the blood-stained turf, with blanched face, a ghastly, gory object, lay Philip Avon, lifeless.

He had entered the glade with thoughts of murder rampant in his evil mind. He had contemplated slaughter when he upraised his sword to cross it with Erle's; he had determined upon mercilessly and remorselessly shooting his antagonist through the head when he levelled at his body the pistol which he believed to be alone charged with the fatal bullet.

Yet here he lay, stretched in the semblance of a sanguinary death, his foul designs and murderous intents baffled, nay, all but reversed.

It was well for him that Cyril Kingswood, restless in his banishment from Violet, the Maiden of the Chace, formed a resolve upon his sleepless couch to obtain, at all hazards, another interview with her, even at the risk of any result which might arise from the frenzied wrath of the man who assumed the control of her life and actions.

On his way to search for her, determined to relax no exertion, even though that search absorbed the baffled explorations of the whole day, he heard the sharp report of a pistol, followed by another discharge, and a wild, human cry of agony.

For one moment this incident superseded the thoughts with which his mind was filled, and, increasing his speed, he hurried in the direction whence the sounds proceeded.

As he rushed into the glade, his eyes caught sight of an individual who darted across the open space, and disappeared in a copse. A second glance showed him a lifeless figure upon the earth, grimly bedabbled in blood.

On reaching the body, he knelt by its side and examined the face. He uttered a startled cry of recognition. He looked hurriedly round him upon the smirched grass; he perceived a pair of swords, one blood-stained. At a short distance from them a pistol, seemingly hastily flung down; an open case, and the upper garments of the prostrate, motionless being at whose side he knelt, and whose right hand yet grasped a discharged pistol.

Cyril needed no clue to unravel the meaning of this scene.

"Phillip Avon and Gower have met. Philip has fallen—Gower has fled," he muttered.

Then he placed his hand upon the heart of Philip Avon. He detected a slight beating there, and then, with the speed of a deer, he made for Kingswood Hall.

As soon as he reached it, he alarmed the household, and returned with a body of servants, some bearing restoratives and bandages. The medical attendant upon himself and Lady Kingswood, who had been taken suddenly and mysteriously ill, being yet at Kingswood Hall, accompanied them and they hastened to where Cyril had left the body.

They found Philip Avon making feeble efforts to raise himself, and uttering delirious cries; but as they reached him, he again fell back in a swoon.

The surgeon proceeded at once to examine and to temporarily bandage his wounds; and when this task was completed, the inanimate form was laid carefully and tenderly upon a litter roughly but promptly constructed. Four stout fellows took charge of it, and it was borne in mournful procession to Kingswood Hall.

At the entrance, white-faced and excited, stood Lord Kingswood. Already, through the household was spread, like wildfire, the intelligence that Mr. Philip Avon had been discovered in the Chace foully and cruelly murdered.

Countenances of terror and gloom were to be seen among the servants who had remained within the hall. They whispered remarks about the Chace, muttered couplets about the doom of the house, and gazed awe-stricken and almost paralysed as the still, motionless, ghastly body—the blood oozing thickly through the bandages which covered the wounds—was brought, with a dull and hurried tramp, into the building.

For a time all was hurry and confusion, and it was not until the surgeon had renewed his examination, and properly bandaged every gashed place in Philip Avon's body, that his stern and repeated remonstrances for the maintenance of a strict silence were attended to.

Lord Kingswood, unable to endure the ghastly sight the body presented, awaited in his library the surgeon's report. At length, when his sickly impatience was exhausted, the surgeon made his appearance. With a grave face he announced the patient to be in extreme danger. He said that he had been wounded in several places, and the principal bone in his right arm had been shattered near the shoulder. With the accustomed professional reserve, he made no reference to the cause, and hesitated to speak of the probable result. He retired, therefore, leaving Lord Kingswood but little more enlightened upon the subject than he had been at first.

It was not until nearly noonday that he learned the body of Philip Avon had been discovered by his son Cyril. He assumed that one of the gamekeepers had first seen it and had given the alarm; he had, therefore, let the point pass unquestioned. He sent a message to Cyril, requesting his immediate attendance; but, after a diligent search, he was informed that Cyril could not be found within, in the mansion, the gardens, or the park. In the excitement attendant on the arrival of the senseless body, the departure of Cyril had been unnoticed, and remained so until his presence was requested by his father.

Irritated, annoyed, and, as well, amazed, he sent out some men into the Chace in search of him, especially as the memory of the recent attack upon him was not only very fresh in his mind, but, if it had escaped him, it would have been renewed by the muttered observations of some of his people, which caught his ear, attributing to the wood-demon, Tubal Kish, the murderous onslaught both upon Cyril and Philip Avon.

Still in suspense, as the day wore on, he found the incertitude and doubt in which he was plunged insupportable, and he resolved to proceed himself, well supported by attendants, to the Chace, in search of Cyril: determining, at the same time, if it were possible, to unkennel Tubal Kish, of whom he had frequently, for years, heard his gamekeepers speak unfavorably, to try the effect of a jail upon him as a cure for his villainous propensities.

Before, however, he quitted his study to put his intention into operation, Pharisee entered it, evidently to communicate some intelligence of importance to him.

Lord Kingswood knew by a glance at the man's face there was something for him to hear of an unwelcome character. There was a sinister, restless movement of his eye, a lowering of his bushy, black brows, his lips looked thinner and longer than ever.

Lord Kingswood turned sharply to him, and said, snappishly—

"What now?"

"Can your lordship spare me a few moments, without interfering with your valuable time!" rejoined Pharisee, with a slow, cringing bend.

"Unless it is something of importance, no," returned Lord Kingswood, quickly. "I am dissatisfied with the singular absence of Mr. Cyril, for, at such a time, it is singular. I intend to head a party to search for him in the accursed Chace. It is monstrous, that, surrounded by a horde of lazy idlers, swarming everywhere but where they should, a ruffianly, gipsy vagabond is permitted to roam my grounds at will, and commit murderous outrages upon my own son, and upon the son of my most highly-valued friend. S'death! it makes my blood burn like fire in my veins when I think of it. But I'll have the woods scoured, and the scoundrel, when taken, shall be sent, a felon, to the antipodes. I would the law would permit it, I'd hang the villain from one of the branches of the trees which overlooked his sanguinary violence."

"Hang who, my lord?" inquired Pharisee, with a counterfeited expression of surprise.

"Who?" repeated Lord Kingswood, fiercely. "Who but the ruffian, the poacher, the atrocious cut-throat called Tubal Kish? that, I believe, is the rascal's name."

Pharisee curled his lips into a hateful smile, shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head dissentingly.

Lord Kingswood regarded him with a look of angry surprise.

"What do you mean by that gesture, Pharisee?" he inquired, haughtily.

"That I fear your lordship is misinformed in this matter," was the reply given, with a bowed head.

"Misinformed? Psha?" cried Lord Kingswood, angrily. "There is a fellow of the name I have mentioned roams like a wolf over my domains, stealing and murdering—"

"Pardon me, my lord," interposed Pharisee, "I am so fearful of offending you. I know that there is some rough blackguard named Tubal Kish, who prowls about, committing petty depredations; but does your lordship possess any proofs that this man has actually perpetrated the deeds of violence, the bad character he possesses has given him the credit of?"

"Proofs!" iterated his lordship. "Pooh! pooh! some of my people say—"

"But, Mr. Cyril, my lord; did he inform your lordship that Tubal Kish was the author of the outrage upon him?"

"Mr. Cyril preserves the strangest possible silence respecting the whole affair," returned his lordship.

Pharisee shrugged his shoulders, and turned his ratlike eyes upon the ground.

Lord Kingswood saw there was something behind this expressive movement, and an uneasy feeling rose up in his mind. Apprehensions of he knew not what, stole over him.

"Why do you hesitate, Pharisee?" he said, clearing his throat from a sudden huskiness which seized it.

"I hope your lordship will not think me rude or presuming," he answered, in a sleek voice, "but—but does not your lordship think this silence respecting the brutal attack upon him a very extraordinary line of conduct upon the part of Mr. Cyril, always, hitherto, so open and frank?"

"I have said so," ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with extended eyes and lips apart.

"Does your lordship remember who discovered Mr. Cyril senseless in the Chace?" inquired Pharisee, with a furtive glance and a cringing bend of his body.

"Mr. Gower—certainly; but what of that?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, quickly, at the same time growing pale; "but what of that?"

"Your lordship can hardly have forgotten that Mr. Gower denied having seen Mr. Cyril for hours when he was first missed; yet your lordship will also recollect that he was with his senseless form when the gamekeepers, who had without success hunted in every direction, came up with him."

"What of this, man?" cried Lord Kingswood, becoming white. "What would you insinuate? Speak!"

"Only this, that having denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of Mr. Cyril," responded Pharisee, with slow, yet cutting emphasis, "Mr. Gower knew *where* to find his body when the search for it became very hot."

Lord Kingswood felt as though, for a moment, life was suspended within him. Then, with a sudden rush of blood to his brain, he exclaimed, fiercely,

"This audacity is unparalleled, fellow; would you dare insinuate—"

"Nothing, my lord," responded Pharisee, in a humbler attitude. "I do not insinuate, my dear lord; you will observe I do not insinuate, I merely state facts. Your lordship is, perhaps, not aware that Mr. Cyril has neither seen nor spoken to Mr. Gower since his recovery; in fact, he has rather pointedly shunned him. Previously, he was warm in his attentions to him. Will your lordship at least not acknowledge this conduct, at best, remarkable?"

"It would be far more astounding to me if Mr. Cyril were to hesitate to reveal that Mr. Gower had brutally, and like a ruffian, beaten him to the earth, if he had been guilty of such a piece of atrocity," returned Lord Kingswood, still speaking with heat.

"Mr. Cyril is kind and generous hearted," persisted Pharisee, in an insinuating tone. "Mr. Gower was your lordship's *protege*. Mr. Gower saved the life of Lady Maud."

"Ayel" interposed Lord Kingswood, quickly, "and at the hazard of his own. That was not the act of a common ruffian."

"But," urged Pharisee, persistently, "it was an act well calculated to seal Mr. Cyril's [illegible]

"But the motive for such an outrage?" rejoined his lordship.

"I do not pretend to divine it," answered Pharisee, with affected meekness. "My duty extends no farther than the putting of facts into your lordship's possession."

Lord Kingswood thought in silence for a moment or so, and then said, impatiently—

"Your insinuation is an unworthy one, Pharisee. I do not credit its accuracy."

"Your lordship will please accept my communication for what it is worth," rejoined Pharisee, in the same offensively hypocritical tone. "But might I crave permission to suggest to your lordship to suspend your judgment until I have concluded the information I bring."

"What more?" asked Lord Kingswood eagerly, almost in fright.

"You have charged the forest rogue, Tubal Kish, with having inflicted the dreadful wounds upon Mr. Philip Avon, from which he is now suffering."

"I—I, Pharisee?" exclaimed his lordship. "I told you that some of my people have declared this."

"They are wrong," emphatically returned Pharisee.

"What are you driving at, man? Speak out at once. Your mode of communication is torture to me," cried Lord Kingswood, in an excited manner.

"My lord, again I protest against being considered as the author of insinuations," returned Pharisee, still adopting that oily tone which pretended to much respectfulness. "I offer to you facts only."

"Go on!" impatiently cried his lordship.

"Mr. Gower has, of course, only become acquainted with Mr. Philip Avon since his arrival at Kingswood," continued Pharisee, "Yet Mr. Gower at once, and for some unexplained cause, conceived a violent antipathy to him. I happened to be passing the end of a corridor on the day that both my Lady Maud and Mr. Avon met with their accident. Some words passed between them which I did not overhear, and then suddenly I saw—"

Pharisee hesitated, as though he did not like to reveal what he had seen.

"Proceed!" cried Lord Kingswood, irefully; "to hesitate now is mere vulgar brutality."

The eyes of Pharisee gleamed up for an instant, and then their fire was subdued as quickly.

"I saw Mr. Gower strike Mr. Avon to the earth."

Lord Kingswood uttered a howl of rage. For an instant he turned livid, then he pressed his hand to his temple with a sudden action, as though an arrow had pierced his brain.

A deadly paleness overspread his features, he gasped for breath, and then, with a desperate effort to articulate, he said, hoarsely—

"Go on, wretch; you are slaying me with slow stabs of your tongue. Go on; let me know the worst at once. Tell me all—all—all!"

Pharisee pressed his hands together over his chest; he turned his face to Lord Kingswood with a simulated expression of commiseration upon it which only added to his lordship's fury.

"Go on with your tale!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; "or I will fell you to the earth where you stand; I will be trifled with no longer!"

Pharisee's face seemed to contract to two-thirds of its natural size, but he bowed low, and still kept his clasped hands pressing his chest.

"To shorten my story, my lord, for it is not insinuations in which I deal, but only facts," he said, in a cringing tone, "let me draw your attention to these circumstances. Two swords, one blood-stained; two pistols, one in the hand of Mr. Philip Avon, one upon the sward; and a pistol-case, have been found where Mr. Philip Avon was discovered. He has evidently been wounded in a duel. It is for you, my lord, now to draw your conclusions."

He bowed again, lowly and humbly, as he concluded.

"But Gower—the boy, Mr. Gower—where he is? Send him to me this instant. Stay, I will go to him. Where is he?"

"Gone, my lord," replied Pharisee, turning his eyes furtively towards his lordship.

"Gone!" almost screamed Lord Kingswood, re-echoing the word.

"Fled, my lord; fled, no one in the household knows whither," returned Pharisee, in a sharp, shrill voice.

Lord Kingswood stood as though he had been changed into stone; his features were rigid, and an icy thrill crept over his frame.

A thousand wild, distracting thoughts rushed through his brain. Vernon had spoken of a terrible revenge. What demon had he set down upon his hearth to create it? What demon? His son! his own child! whose brow bore the brand of Cain; whose hand seemed raised against all his kind. If Philip Avon died, his murder—Ha! what horror was in that thought!—would be tracked to the ensanguined hand of his son—the offspring of his guilt—if Vernon had spoken all the truth—the heir to his name, to his house, to his honor.

Honor! how the word mocked him! how sick and faint—oh, how deadly faint he was at heart!

Then the face of her he had so desperately wronged seemed to float before his burning eyes, and the face of Erle, pale, stern, but clear and open, rose into his vision.

A terrible, agonizing cry burst from his parched lips, and his hot trembling palms he pressed against his throbbing temples.

And in this frenzy he became conscious of the sallow, Mephistopheles-like visage of Pharisee glowering upon him, grinning, gibbering at him, as if deriding, mocking him.

"Liar! knave!" he shouted, as he struck him a violent blow, which made him reel backwards and fall with violence to the ground. "There is no truth—there can be no truth—in what you have told me. Your tales are the suggestions of fiendish malevolence. The boy is in the wood—Cyril is in the wood—I'll seek them there, and bring them back to you, with their gloved knuckles, the lie down your base throat."

With the air of one in a frenzy of delirium, he rushed from the study, summoning, in a tumultuous voice, his servants to follow him to the Chace in search of his son.

Pharisee, shaken and bruised by his heavy fall, rose up with a devilish, vindictive expression on his face. He ground his teeth together, and bubbling froth issued between his white, skinny lips.

"This adds another nail to the coffin preparing for your happiness, my Lord of Kingswood," he muttered. "Taunts and scoffs are to be appeased, blows—such blows—never, never. Oh, but I will pierce you in your most sensitive part, my lord. You shall shed tears of blood for every blow you have honored your faithful menial with. My Lady Kingswood shall help me pay the debt I owe to you; and trust me, my lord, I'll strike the iron while it is hot."

As he concluded his mutterings, he, too, hurried from the room, and passing through the corridor, crept, rather than walked, towards Lady Kingswood's suite of apartments.

He paused at the door of the outer chamber, knocked a low, soft knock; it was not answered. He noiselessly opened the door, and peered within—there was no one within the apartment.

He crept stealthily, like a cat—if possible, with less noise in his footfall—to the centre of the room, and gazed about him. All was silent as the grave.

The door of Lady Kingswood's private sitting-room was ajar, and he peeped within.

He saw Lady Kingswood just entering her sleeping chamber, with a disturbed and agitated manner, and she closed the door of the room with a loud noise.

Upon a table stood a magnificent writing-desk.

In an instant he was in front of it. He opened it. On the very top lay a note which looked crumpled, and was wet with recent tears.

He seized it. It was addressed to Lady Kingswood. It was signed "Chillingham."

He thrust it in his breast. His eyes glittered fiercely. A triumphant smile curled his thin lips, and he muttered, in a guttural whisper—

"My Lady Kingswood, you shall sue to me. Till now I dared not lift an eyelash to your nobility. Now I will look into your eyes."

A footstep in the corridor startled him. He glided through both rooms, and at the very door of the ante-chamber encountered Lady Maud, with pale, affrighted face, and trembling in a tumult of excitement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ How to turn brass into gold—Marry an heiress.—*Punch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$2,00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies of THE POST,	3,00
Four " "	5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty " (and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING.)	30,00
Forty " (and a paper extra, and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING.)	40,00

For other offers in connection with the Premium Engraving, Webster's Dictionary, and Lippincott's Gazetteer, *see the Prospectus on third page.*

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

The news by the Europa was unexpectedly favorable. The prospect of the receipt from England of about five millions in gold, before the first of February, is decidedly cheering. Already there is an upward tendency in stocks, which all the endeavors of the lugubrious fraternity of "bears," and their newspaper allies, can with difficulty repress. In fact, the monetary condition of the country is so sound, as the flow of gold alluded to proves, that nothing but the exceeding timidity of capitalists, proverbially the most scarey race in the world, prevents an immediate rise of all sound and reliable securities, and a general untightening of purse strings. When the reaction does come, everybody will rejoice, except those peculiarly constituted individuals who are never really happy save when they are perfectly miserable, and think they can perceive the bottom tumbling out of everything.

——By an extract from the recent report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in our news columns, the reader will perceive that our exports during the last five years have exceeded our imports, *over 112 millions of dollars!*

AMUSING.

One of the most amusing propositions we have seen lately, is that accredited to Mayor Wood and Mr. Sickles, that New York city should declare herself free and independent.

We would like to ask that energetic gentleman, Mayor Wood, one question. Do you suppose, most venerable Mayor, that the great harbor of New York was created simply for the benefit of the people who chose to take up their residence immediately around it, or for the uses of the whole Continent?

After your Honor has considered the above question for a week or two, with all that it involves, if you still are not convinced of the absurdity of such talk, we may ask you a few other questions.

COMPLIMENTARY.—We print the following from a subscriber in Pottersburgh, Michigan, not only for what it says of THE POST, but for the pretty little glimpse of home life it affords:—

I have been a reader of the Post for the last four years, and although you have been praised so long, so much, and so eloquently, that a word from so humble an individual as myself will scarcely be noticed, yet I say it out of pure good will and with all sincerity, that the Post (emphatically a Saturday Evening Post to us, for we get it Saturday evenings), makes our Saturday evenings the pleasantest of the week. When the doors are shut, and our family quietly seated, with one to read aloud, I sometimes think, could you, Mr. Editor, look in upon us, and think of the many other circles, equally as happy, that you would in some measure feel that you had your reward. In the country, where anything like literary society is out of the question, a newspaper is appreciated; it is more than a luxury—it is a necessity.

Hoping that we may be able to increase our numbers this year, and that your subscription list may overflow for the ensuing year,

I remain yours, respectfully,

E. B. D.

☞ The following newspaper items are interesting, as throwing some light upon that great "People's Pacific Railroad" scheme, alluded to in our columns last week. They occur in letters from Washington in the Philadelphia papers:

Josiah Perham, the getter up of railroad excursions to see his panoramas, is here with a Pacific Railroad plan, which he is underbidding to lobby into Congress.

Mr. Perham's People's Pacific Railroad bill, embracing the three routes, has been referred to the House Special Committee on that subject.

DRINKING CUSTOMS.

According to a book published a number of years ago, by *Mr.* Dunlop, there were then, and probably are now, in England, three hundred drinking usages spread over about ninety-eight trades and occupations. These are in the shape of drinking "fees" for the shop, on entering, on leaving, for birthdays, for fines, &c.

If it were expressly intended to spread the evil of intemperance, nothing could be better devised for the purpose than these foolish drinking customs.

It is stated that the silly fashion of drinking healths at private tables no longer prevails to any considerable extent in England, and it is hoped that the equally silly fashion of drinking "toasts" at public dinners will also be done away with. As a London periodical well says:—

No matter what fiery poison is put before you under the names of "port" and "sherry," you must empty your glass to the Queen, the Prince Consort, Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal family; to the army and navy, the chief object of the meeting (whatever that may be), and the chairman and vice-chairman. If you happen to sit among a temperate knot of men, among the reporters, for example, who have work to do, you may go through these "toasts" with comparatively little drinking; but if your seat happens to be in a prominent part of the room, and some would-be loyal maniac thinks proper to shout out "bumpers," you may have to consume a pint or two of trash in obedience to custom.

In this country, however, owing to our greater independence of action, a man may do more as he pleases. Enthusiastic gentlemen may call out "bumpers" in the excess of their patriotism, but no one sitting by will feel bound to more than wet his lips, if to drink more would be unpleasant to him. Still, that a great amount of useless drinking is a consequence of the "toasting" system, is very evident.

A man may not be an ultra temperance man, and yet be an ardent admirer of temperance in drinking as well as in eating. And while such an one may not consider it his business to fix the limit of what is temperate for another, he may none the less insist upon his right to fix the limit for himself. Such an one may, moreover, consistently object to all customs and fashions that exert an influence to allure his fellow men, especially the young and thoughtless, into that vice of intemperance, which seems to ruin a man even more effectually than many other vices which appear in themselves of a more criminal character.

THE COTTON ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.—A late number of the Liverpool Times declares that cotton manufacture is becoming *the greatest power in England, perhaps the world. The men engaged in it are making fortunes almost by a leap. In wealth they* far exceed the old feudal aristocracy, and every estate now-a-days which finds its way into the market is snatched up eagerly by some parvenue cotton spinner, the length of whose purse goes a great way to atone for the *brevity of his pedigree.*

If the above be true, it betokens sad days in the future for England. Enormous fortunes are generally the growth of enormous wrongs. That saying of the Saviour's about rich men and the eye of a needle, is full of matter—though it is a text, we believe, that ministers do not often preach from. How any truly Christian man can accumulate enormous wealth, and keep it to himself, in a world so full of wrong and poverty and suffering as this, passes most poor people's comprehension. How few of us there are, even in the most orthodox churches, who, if the command should be given us as of old, "Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor," would not "turn away sorrowful." How few there are who do not think that in some adroit way, they can do that which was said to be impossible, serve both God and Mammon.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARRINGTON: A Story of True Love. By the author of "What Cheer," "The Ghost," "A Tale of Lynn," &c. Published by Thayer & Eldridge, Boston. For sale by Peck & Bliss, Third Street above Arch, Phila.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PHILIP SCHUYLER. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Published by Mason Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

FROM HAY TIME TO HOEING. By the Author of "Our Farm of Four Acres." Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By R. W. EMERSON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

POEMS BY ROSE TERRY. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

ITALY, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Published by Mason Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

PICTURES AND FLOWERS FOR CHILD-LOVERS. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

☞ The municipality of Madrid has approved of plans for laying out an extensive site in the style of the Champs Elysees at Paris. The expense of executing this will be considerable, and the ground alone has cost 4,000,000 reals (1,000,000 francs).

☞ The gigantic dock at Birkenhead, England, is rapidly approaching completion, and it is expected that the water will be let into it in the course of a fortnight's time. The total water space of the Great Float is 110 acres, and the lineal space round it is upwards of four miles.

☞ A CENTENARIAN.—Miss Agnes Baillie, sister of the late Joanna Baillie, gave a party a few evenings ago at her residence, Holly-Bush-hill, Hampstead, England, on the completion of her hundredth year. She has resided in the same locality for many years, and enjoys excellent health and spirits. Her faculties are quite vigorous, and she still pursues her literary gleanings.

CALIFORNIA YEAST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WINCHESTER, TENN., Dec. 4th, 1860.

Mr. Editor:—In one of your late numbers of THE POST a correspondent wishes to know what are the effects of "California yeast," when used in making beer or bread. He has heard that it is poisonous. You say that you are so ignorant as not to know what California yeast is. Below, you have a receipt for making a yeast which so near resembles the California, that I cannot tell the difference. I believe it to be the same. About twelve months ago, the "California beer" was used in nearly every family in this part of Tennessee. There was a difference of opinion as to its being poisonous. I am unable to inform you the reason why it is called California yeast, or who first introduced it into this State.

MOLASSES YEAST.

Put four or five tablespoonfuls of molasses in a quart bottle or jar, and fill with warm water. In about a week (or less, if kept in a warm place,) you will have pretty good beer, and about half a teaspoonful of yeast at the bottom of the bottle. Pour off, with care, the beer—then fill as above, and in a little time you will have your bottle full of the yeast.

P. S. I think this yeast would make good Mother for vinegar.

Yours, truly, E. C.

AN INEXPENSIVE METHOD OF DOUBLING THE AREA OF CITY LOTS.

The New York Post has a suggestion which is worthy of attention. It proposes to utilize the garrets of houses, as they have never before been used. And this is the way to do it:—

A glass roof costs very little more than a tin one. Let every roof, therefore, be covered with glass, and let the garret floor be covered with concrete, sloping from the centre to the sides, around which a slight depression in the floor can carry the moisture or drip into the leaders which pass from the roof of every house to the ground. With this slight expense, therefore, you have a perfect greenhouse. Now for heating. Every gentleman knows that the upper rooms of his house are so warm from the ascending heat of his furnace that registers are scarcely needed. Let the doors be kept open, and the waste heat of the house will keep the garret at the highest desirable temperature. Thus your greenhouse is heated without any extra trouble or expenditure. Its care would be a pleasant recreation for any of the family.

A little extra strength be given to the beams which sustain the upper story, sufficient earth *could be placed* there to lay out the whole *space of twenty-five by fifty feet as a garden*, with winding walks, *delightful carpets of* moss, with camelias, &c., planted in the soil. By this mode the illusion will be complete; in the midst of winter you may have a tropical landscape. Those who have visited the *house of Prince Demidoff, at Florence, will* have some conception of the beauty of such an arrangement.

But for fruit as well as flower culture the use of pots will be preferable. Let us see what can be done with these. The superficial area of nearly every city house is more than twelve hundred square feet. Deducting the space required for the statuary and the walks, there will be more than eight hundred square feet on which pots can be placed. By the most approved mode of pruning for pot culture, the diameter of foliage in a fruit tree should never exceed the diameter of the pot.

You could thus place eight hundred fruit trees in your garden, but, in order to give abundant room and air, we will estimate only four or five hundred. If you wish no flowers, and fruit alone, you can have forced peaches and nectarines at a season when you cannot buy them of the confectioner for less than nine dollars per dozen. From your five hundred small trees a good gardener will readily get a crop of three thousand peaches.

But if you wish the house filled with flowers through the winter, you cannot cultivate forced fruit. You can, however, have flowers, stone fruit and exotic grapes in succession. If the house has been filled with flowering plants all winter, and you have plenty of yard room, the plants can be taken out and arranged in groups in the yard as soon as all danger of frost is over. The house can then be filled with peaches, plums and nectarines in pots. These can remain until the fruit has attained sufficient size to be protected from insects, when they can also be grouped in the yard, where they will grow and ripen perfectly well. Their place in the house can then be supplied with grapes in pots, which have been retarded by being kept in a cool, dark place in the cellar.

☞ BLONDIN'S WIFE.—Under the slack rope on which the bold adventurer is performing feats which are really terrible to witness, is a carriage; in it sits a woman, her face turned upwards, her eyes fixed, every line in her face expressing most intense and painful solicitude. She is the gymnast's wife. She knows as well as we do that a sudden spasm or vertigo, a momentary paralysis of one of the limbs, would vitiate even his iron nerves, overcome even his strong will, and hurl him from his airy height to become a crushed and bleeding corpse.

☞ Great events may be traced back to great thoughts, which stand to them in the same relation as obscure progenitors to illustrious descendants.

☞ A wedding took place on Monday at the church of St. Marylebone, which was particularly interesting on account of its novelty. The happy couple (Mr. A. T. Maxwell and Miss R. Paxton) are both deaf and dumb, and the ceremony was performed in the finger and sign language by the Rev. Samuel Smith, chaplain of the Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb.

☞ The idle should not be classed among the living: they are a sort of dead men not fit to be buried.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ANOTHER AND MORE SPLENDID ENGRAVING!

TWO LARGE AND VALUABLE WORKS AS PREMIUMS!

SPLENDID STORIES! INSTRUCTIVE SKETCHES! SOLID INFORMATION!

In laying their Prospectus again before the public, the Proprietors of "THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES" need enter upon no long array of promises. They may simply state, that they design making THE POST for the future what it has been for the past, a repository alike of delightful amusement and equally entertaining instruction. Interesting Stories and choice Sketches by

THE BEST WRITERS,

will always be found in THE POST. Our Stories for the last year have been generally acknowledged to be of the most interesting character; and the design not to allow any falling off in this respect—though any improvement is hardly possible. But THE POST also aims to instruct; it contains weekly

An Agricultural Department,
Choice Receipts,
Domestic and Foreign News,
The Markets and Bank Note List.
Letter from Paris.
Miscellaneous Information, &c.

But to see exactly what THE POST is, write for A SAMPLE NUMBER, which will be sent gratis to any one desirous of subscribing for a weekly paper. By the following list of terms you will see that THE POST is not only the *BEST*, but the *CHEAPEST OF THE WEEKLIES!* and that we offer

SPLENDID PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS!

OUR ENGRAVING PREMIUM—A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE.—Our Engraving Premium this year is the celebrated Steel Plate Engraving of

"A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME."

This Engraving was first issued by the LONDON ART UNION. It is 30 inches long by 24 inches wide—contains from 30 to 40 figures, and is one of the handsomest Engravings now before the American and British public. The publisher's price for it (sold by canvassers) is Five Dollars.

OUR BOOK PREMIUMS.—These are two: LIPPINCOTT'S FAMOUS PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD, and the equally famous WEBSTER'S NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY. Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, is a work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,182 closely printed pages, and contains an IMMENSE MASS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe. Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. *No family should be without it.*

TERMS OF THE POST.

Single copy,	$2.00 a year
2 copies,	3.00 "
1 copy of the Post and Arthur's Magazine,	3.00 "
4 copies,	5.00 "
8 "	10.00 "
13 "	15.00 "
20 "	30.00 "

To the getter-up of a club of 8, or either of the larger clubs, we send a copy *gratis*.

The Post and our Premium Engraving.

For one copy of THE POST yearly, and one of the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," $5.00

For a club of *thirty* copies of THE POST, and *Thirty* Dollars, we will send as a PREMIUM the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," *gratis*.

For a club of *forty*, and *Forty* Dollars, we will send the Engraving, and a copy extra of THE POST also.

☞ Any member of a club can have the Engraving sent to him on the payment of Three Dollars extra. The Engraving will be wrapped carefully on a roller, and the postage prepaid. Every pains will be taken to insure its safe transmission.

The Post and our Book Premiums.

We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year, and give a copy of either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer, for Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and Ten Dollars, WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE ABOVE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1.50 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of *sixteen* new subscribers and *twenty* dollars—$1.25 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

The price of these works in the stores varies from $6 to $6.50 apiece.

Or we will give a copy of the ENGRAVING as a PREMIUM in the place of either of the Books.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

EUGENIE OF FRANCE AND THE ARAB PROPHETESS.

The last number of the Court Journal contains a singular adventure of the Empress Eugenie. Whether the story is manufactured, or whether it is based upon real occurrences, we leave those who are familiar with French literature to imagine. Ever since the death of her sister, the Duchess d'Albe, the Empress has been laboring under the most terrible depression of spirits, and has given herself up entirely to the sad thoughts inspired by her bereavement. All the brilliant gaiety and childlike *insouciance*, which formed the great charm of her Majesty's character, have been swallowed up by this immense sorrow, which, like the "omnipotent grief" of the ancient Greek tragedy, has been suffered to swallow up every other feeling and sensation. The doctors, who, in no country in the world can minister to a mind diseased, have been called in one after the other, but without avail. Masses and requiems were alone capable of giving a moment's calm to her Majesty's constant excitement, amounting almost to despair. Added to the real and true affection which had thus been blighted under the painful circumstances, upon absence and unconsciousness of the immediate attendance in which so near and dear a relative was lying, at the very moment when her Majesty was occupied in the display of what now appears, under the altered circumstances in which human life is viewed, the mere empty pomp and show of worldly vanity, comes a conviction inspired by the nervousness which forms part of the hypochondria brought on by the dark event which has seized upon the imagination, and adds to the gloomy horror of the complaint.

Of course the terrible state of mind of the Empress filled everybody with alarm. A certain Dr. C—— determined to bring matters to a focus, and questioned her Highness. Finally he discovered the truth.

During the visit of Eugenie to Algeria, she went to the seraglio. The men in Mohamedan countries are expelled, as we all know, from the inner chambers, whether in tent or in seraglio, and the Empress was left alone for some time with the ladies of the establishment. It seems that, while within the tent, the chief's wife, who was a woman of superior intelligence, having been told that European ladies were most curious to see some of the magical ceremonies of the Arabs, had called a Babalouk, a negress, who, gifted with the second sight, professed to tell the future destinies of the consultant. This negress, entering into a state of frenzy, disclosed to the Empress the dying condition in which her sister then was lying—the fatal consequences which would ensue—and, after having given warnings of dire import, which it would be indiscreet to mention here, bade her hurry back across the seas, and never more trouble the Arab in his tent.

The impression was so fearful that, owing to the exact account given by the negress of her Majesty's early history, a conviction of the truthfulness of the future as well as the past took such hold of the Imperial mind, that her Majesty refused to attend the ball offered to her by the city of Algiers; and when, on landing in France, she learnt that all was over as had been predicted, she felt no doubt that the rest of the prophecy would prove true, and began from that moment to despair.

Travelling was at once pronounced the only cure for her Majesty, and the great and haughty Eugenie attached herself to the private party of the Marquis La Grand, and crossed the channel to London. Whether the scenes and sights of that metropolis will dispel the gloomy visions conjured up by the prophetess remains to be seen.

THE new steam Fire Department of Boston is fully organized, and there is not a single hand engine in use throughout the entire limits of the city.

MEN WITH TAILS.—We have probably arrived at the truth respecting the Nyam-Nyam, or the tribe of Africans reputed to be endowed *with tails. The scientific world has for a long time been occupied with this subject*: most naturalists, however, have repudiated the caudal appendage. But there seems to be a feeling among savages, that Nature has been unkind to them in withholding that which she has so liberally distributed among other animals. Some of the North American Indian tribes supply the deficiency by wearing a buffalo's tail *in situ*, which, to superficial travellers, might be supposed to form a natural appendage. It is not so very long ago even, since our own civilized society doffed its "pigtail." The Nyam-Nyam form one of the most savage tribes in Eastern Africa. Europeans have never attempted to travel in their country. According to some reports, they are even anthopohagi, and pitilessly put to death their wounded or infirm. An enterprising French traveller, M. Leleau, writes from Darfour, that he is in possession of a Nyam-Nyam's tail, and that this singular ornament is fastened to the waistbelt, in such a manner as to appear a continuation of the spine. It resembles a piece of rope, terminating in a tuft or fan, just like the buffalo tails worn by the North American Indian.

☞ INNOCENCE.—What a power there is in innocence! whose very helplessness is a safeguard; in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and stand worshipped at the very altar he came to despoil.

☞ High blood, like the finest wine, may be kept so long that it shall entirely lose its flavor. Hence, the last man of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage—a thing to talk of, not to use.

☞ No man, who thinks at all, proffers consolation to the sufferer with the view to soothing; for that is always idle where the affliction is great and recent. He rather seeks to silence the complaint which he knows not how to answer.

☞ A BROOD OF BIRDS IN HIVE AMONG BEES.—In the garden of Mr. Thomas Antrobus, of Turner Heath, Bollington, near Macclesfield, a tit-mouse has built its nest inside a beehive. In the nest it has deposited eleven eggs, on which it may be seen sitting with perfect unconcern, though the bees are busily at work all around.

☞ A person, not of the medical profession, but who prided himself on his knowledge of physic, on one occasion in the Court of Queen's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said, "My lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor." "Very likely, sir," said his lordship, drily, "but is anybody else fool enough to employ you in that capacity?"

☞ A boy in Paris, hearing the National Guard cry, "Hurrah for reform!" shouted "Hurrah for chloroform!" which made a hearty laugh.

☞ A wise man said that there is but one perfect woman at a time upon the earth. Many a man *thinks* that he has got her, but the really lucky fellow *knows* that he has.

☞ The face of truth is not the less fair for all the counterfeit vizards that have been put upon her.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The news from San Francisco is to the 1st. $1,228,000 has been received at New York.

Business may be said to be at a stand, there being no immediate call for goods and the trade being disposed to await further news. Prices are unfavorably affected by the panic, though without transactions the changes in quotations must be a matter of conjecture.

The Southern secession movement continues to be the all-absorbing question with the people.

Some of the Breckinridge papers are publishing carefully written articles favoring a Pacific republic, but they seem to attract but little attention.

The Lyceum Theatre building, at the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, San Francisco, was destroyed (except the lower story,) by fire, on the 28th. Loss about $20,000.

The Republican papers are urging the appointment of some Californian to Lincoln's Cabinet; also a change in the Judiciary system, so that the United States Supreme Judge shall preside at the Circuit Court for this coast.

Thanksgiving Day was very generally observed on the 20th. All the churches were well attended, and the sermons delivered dwelt largely on the condition of the Union, and pronounced its dissolution impossible. Dr. Scott was the only leading minister who did not refer to the subject in some form.

OREGON.—The advices from Oregon bring but little news.

The Portland Advertiser, says that next spring an expedition against the Indians who massacred the Myers emigrant party will be undertaken. One object is to recover four or five young girls, believed to be still alive and held for ransom.

There are some symptoms of a general alliance of all the Indian tribes on or near the eastern boundary of Oregon, to depredate and wage war upon the whites.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The leaders in the negro riot at the Victoria theatre, had been tried and acquitted, on the ground that the disturbance was not premeditated.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON—RESIGNATION OF GEN. CASS.—WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—There is no doubt of General Cass's resignation of the office of Secretary of State. Regret is everywhere expressed in consequence.

The present indications are, that Ex-Governor Dickinson, of New York, will be his successor, though these are not altogether reliable.

There is but little if any confidence reposed in the assurance that South Carolina will not resist the Federal authorities during the administration of President Buchanan. They are regarded as mere promises, to quiet the apprehensions in official quarters.

Lieut. Gen. Scott has expressed the opinion that additional forces should be sent to South Carolina, for the protection of the public property. Major Anderson has demanded both men and ammunition. He is provisioned for six months. The whole garrison is less than 100 men.

The resignation of Secretary Cass was in consequence of the President's refusal to despatch additional troops to Fort Moultrie. The debate in the Cabinet meeting was a very excited one. The President, however, is still opposed to such an increase for prudential reasons, being apprehensive that it would but augment the present excitement.

There was an understanding among the Select Committee of thirty-three, to-day, that their proceedings, excepting as to results, shall be regarded as private, and therefore not to be revealed for publication. It is known, however, that several propositions looking to a political conciliation where presented and read, but not acted upon. Mr. Curtis introduced a series of resolutions declaring secession to be revolution, and involving war, and pledging the Committee to sustain the Union at all hazards. An adjournment until Monday took place.

HOW THE JEWS ESCAPED.—The following account of the manner in which the Jews in Damascus escaped from the massacre lately perpetrated there, was furnished to the Jewish Chronicle, London, by a person who had but recently returned from Syria:

"After the slaughter of the Christians, the fanatics meditated an attack on the Jews.—When deliberating on the subject, a Sheik, who is held in great estimation, and whom the Jews had befriended, strongly opposed the measure. They allowed themselves to be dissuaded for a moment. But the next evening they resumed their deliberations.—Once more the Sheik succeeded in dissuading them. Another day thus elapsed. For the third time the murderers met, more firmly than ever resolved on the massacre of the Jews. The Sheik, seeing that his opposition would be over-ruled, pretended to acquiesce in their determination, and only asked them to ascertain previously whether the proposed attack was the will of God. For this purpose he proposed that the trigger of a loaded pistol, with which one of the fanatics was armed, should be pulled. If it went off at once, the project met with the approbation of the Deity; if not, it was a sign of the Divine disapprobation. So said, so done. Fortunately for the Hebrews, the pistol did not go off. The fanatics dispersed once more. Meanwhile help came. The murderers had lost the chance of another slaughter."

EUROPE IN DEBT TO AMERICA.—The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, just presented to Congress, presents the remarkable fact that the United States *have sent abroad in the last five years one hundred and twelve million three hundred and four thousand dollars more than we have received*, and this in addition to the shipping charges which our own merchants' ships have earned and received upon exports and imports. The following are the figures referred to:—

	Exports.	*Imports.*	*Exports over Imports.*
1856,	$326,961,818	$314,230,942	$12,334,976
1857,	362,949,144	360,890,141	2,059,003
1858,	324,644,421	282,613,150	42,031,271
1859,	356,789,462	338,708,130	18,021,332
1860,	400,123,206	362,163,941	37,958,355
5 yrs.	$1,771,470,241	$1,659,075,304	$112,304,937

Since the 30th of June last, everybody knows that our canals and railroads have been employed to their utmost capacity in transporting our cereals to the seaboard, to feed the people of Europe.

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET.—The following appeared at the head of the *Springfield (Ill.) Journal*, on the 13th. The New York Tribune's correspondent says it is known to have emanated direct from the President elect:

"We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his Cabinet two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions:

"*First:* Is it known that any such gentleman of character would accept a place in the Cabinet?

"*Second:* If yea, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them; or do they enter upon the Administration in open opposition to each other?"

NEWS ITEMS.

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE.—A dormitory of the Episcopal Seminary, at Bedonia, Parma, in which fifteen of the pupils slept, being damp from being newly whitewashed, a stove was lighted in it on the 15th of November, to help to dry the walls. During the night, the carbonic acid gas from the stove, filled the room, and all the pupils were found dead the next morning, suffocated by the noxious vapor.

APPLES IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes at Maple Hill:—"We marketed our winter fruit at the canal, four miles distant, at 81 cents per barrel—some sold higher, but more were sold at 75 cents per barrel than any other price."

DURING the month of October, 89,805 barrels of apples passed through Albany, New York.

NOVEL INVENTION.—Mr. Levi Burnell, of Milwaukee, has just perfected what he calls an "Anemograph." It writes down on a strip of paper, which is moved by a clock two inches an hour, the force and direction of the wind. The slightest change of wind is recorded with unerring accuracy. The price of the instrument is moderate. It can be set up on any part of a dwelling house or other building, and takes care of itself.

CORN is plentiful in Illinois. The Warsaw Journal says:—"The way corn is coming into this city, is cheering indeed. Each distillery receiving not less than one hundred wagon loads daily, while our warehouses and temporary corn houses, are receiving to their capacity. The price is twenty cents per bushel."

CHICAGO, December 10.—In the Burch divorce case a verdict has been rendered for Mrs. Burch.

A DISTINGUISHED physician lately announced that one reason why so many people have the dyspepsia is because they have *no sympathy* at table. They eat alone at restaurants, and devour their food like wild beasts, instead of sitting at table with their families, where their sympathies would be called into healthful activity, and where they would eat like civilised beings. There may be something in this idea. At any rate, it would do no harm to test it.

MAINTAINING A NUISANCE.—A farmer in Watertown, Connecticut, has been fined for allowing Canada thistles to run to seed on his own land. The sentence seems just, as the thistle is one of the greatest nuisances the farmer is liable to.

HON. Philip F. Thomas, of Maryland, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury in place of Howell Cobb resigned.

ACTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.—The Mississippi Legislature adjourned on the 30th ult. The convention bills, the secession resolutions, and the bill authorizing the government to appoint commissioners to co-operate with the slaveholding States, were passed unanimously. The stay law and non-importation slave act were defeated. The election is fixed for the 20th, and the convention meets on the 7th of January.

AGED BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.—In the Dublin Gazette, 5th of Feb., 1731, the following particulars are given:—"Yesterday morning the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Curate of St. Peter's (Dublin), married in that church James Thompson, of Kevan's street, shoemaker, and Agnes Roberts, of the same street. The bridegroom averred that he was ninety odd years of age, and the bride that she was above eighty-six years old. The concourse on the occasion was so great that the church and churchyard could not contain the people. The new-married couple were obliged to be locked up in the vestry until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the mob dispersed."

AS NEAR as can be ascertained, the total population of the United States and Territories, amount to about thirty-one millions, making the ratio of representation in the House of Representatives about 133,000.

AMERICAN street railroads are highly recommended by the London Times. It asserts that they are more safe, and far more convenient than cabs or any other common mode of street travel in the British metropolis. It seems that the street railroad in Birkenhead, England, has been quite successful. Our countryman—G. F. Train—has obtained a grant from the Town Council of Birmingham to lay down a street railroad in that city.

THE British Queen's thanks to the American people for their kindness to her son, have been communicated by Lord Lyon to Secretary Cass. The letter overflows with gratitude and courtesy.

MR. KOCK, tobacco dealer, New Orleans, has swindled his customers out of $60,000, and fled to France. He changed the heads of certified first-class tobacco casks to casks of worthless stuff, and sold it at No. 1 prices.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—A member of the New York house of "Lot and Plot," has made the following confession to the editor of the N. Y. Times:—I do not live in Brooklyn, and am not a church-going man. I have a partner, however, who is. We deal in real estate, and find it necessary, for the interests of our business, that one of us should attend church. For while just one half of our customers will not believe a man's representations in regard to property unless he is a church-goer, the other half will not believe him if he is. And thus we partition duties. My partner goes to church regularly to cast up the profits of the week. I do the same thing at home."

THAT SNAKE.—The great snake seen in Silver Lake, Wyoming county, N. Y., three years ago, and described in such grand style in the papers of Western New York as to attract thousands to the Lake, proves to have been made of India-rubber. The Buffalo Commercial says:—

"The manner in which it was worked has not, as yet, been found out; but it is hoped it will soon come to light, and the origin and complete success of one, if not the best 'sell' that was ever got up in this or any other country, may be discovered."

DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER.—President Buchanan has issued a proclamation, recommending to the people of the United States to observe the 4th day of January next as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer. He says that "Hope seems to have deserted the minds of men," but that "God's arm alone can save us from the awful effects of our own crimes and follies;" but that "an Omnipotent Providence may overrule existing evils for permanent good. He can make the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He can restrain."

THE North Star, at New York, brings $1,083,000 in treasure, which, together with the $500,000 on board the Europa, will swell the specie reserve at New York early next week to twenty millions again.

☞ A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

☞ Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

☞ A London youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a 'Art Union.

GLASS, AND GLASS-MAKING.

Glass is one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most useful substances which we possess.

Glass supplies the shopkeeper, the horticulturist, and the chemist with a great variety of necessary articles, and many of our domestic utensils are made from this material.

Perhaps the purpose to which glass is most beneficially applied, is that of windows. How gloomy—how dismal our dwellings would appear if the windows were covered with canvas or tattered parchment, instead of being filled with beautiful transparent glass! But the use of glass in many of our buildings extends beyond the windows—buildings which have recently been constructed having glass for their principal material; such, for instance, as glass hot-houses, cow-houses, and the coverings of the various railway stations, market places, and workshops.

Since Sir Joseph Paxton astonished the world with the Exhibition Building of 1851, magnificent structures of iron and glass have been up at Sydenham, in America, France, Ireland, and Holland.

And how is glass made, and what is its composition? Glass is not dug from the earth, as some persons have been simple enough to suppose, although the materials used in its manufacture are obtained from that source. Wonderful as it may seem, sand is the principal ingredient in glass; and this, combined with chalk or lime, potash, and some metallic oxide, forms, when submitted to an intensity of heat, a beautiful transparent crystal.

The origin of glass, like many other discoveries, appears to be veiled in mystery. Pliny supposes it to have been accidentally discovered by some shipwrecked mariners of Phœnicia, whose vessel was freighted with a sort of fossil-alkali, which is one of the constituents of glass. Wishing to prepare some food, they lighted a fire with this substance on the sand, when, through the agency of the heat, the sand and alkali united, and formed into a vitrified mass—a circumstance which gave rise to the art of glass-making. Whether this old story has, or has not, any foundation in fact, it is certain that the ancient Egyptians knew this art, and carried it to a high degree of excellence, since some of their beautiful productions—consisting of bottles, beads, and inlaid mosaics—are still extant. Their bottles were of the choicest colors, with finely waving lines; and their small mosaic work was of such delicate designs, that a strong magnifying power must have been used in putting them together, as is required now if we desire minutely to examine them; particularly the feathers of birds, the hair, and other intricate details. Glass beads have been found on the bodies of Egyptian mummies, which are supposed to have been embalmed upwards of three thousand years ago; thus showing the absurdity of considering the art of glass-making a modern invention.

The ancient Egyptians, who were masters of almost every branch of learning, appear to have well understood the method of forming glass vessels and ornaments of every imaginable color and description; and, no doubt, the art of flint-glass making was acquired from them, and brought into Europe by the Romans. The Venetians excelled in the art of white and colored glass-making, and has carried it to great perfection in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The first flint-glass manufactory in England was established at the Savoy House, in the Strand.

Flint-glass has its name from being formerly made from calcined flint; but fine sand is found to yield a clearer ware, and is preferred on that account. Sand, from Lynn Regis, St. Helen's, and the Isle of Wight is well adapted for glass-making, and is extensively employed by the manufacturers of glass.

The materials used in the composition of *white glass* are Lynn sand (which is washed, burnt, and sifted for the occasion), red lead, or litharge, carbonate of potash, and small quantities of nitre, arsenic, and manganese—the proportions of which vary in almost every manufactory. The following proportions produce a first-rate quality of white glass: fine white sand, 100 parts; carbonate of potash, 35; red lead, 30; nitre, 3; and small additions of arsenic and manganese. It may also be stated that a considerable quantity of broken glass, or cullet, as it is called, is made use of in the above mixture. All kinds of glass are melted in furnaces, which are constructed either of fire-bricks, or stone that is as free as possible from iron, because, if much iron exists in the stone, the high temperature to which the furnace is driven causes it to drop, and, falling into the glass metal, it greatly deteriorates its quality. The furnace for the purpose of fusing (called founding) flint-glass is made of fire-bricks, and is of a circular form, with a sort of dome-shaped top, or "crown." It is furnished with holes for the admission of the fuel, and with smaller apertures for the receiving of the glass materials, from which the workman obtains his metal. The glass pots in which the materials are melted are formed from the finest fire-clay, that obtained from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, being accounted the best adapted for the purpose. They are larger at the top than at the bottom; and the top is arched over, that no dust, or other injurious particles, may fall in, with a hole near the top for receiving the mixture, and for the insertion of the tube or "pipe" by which the metal is obtained. The process of melting is termed *founding*, and requires the highest possible degree of temperature to which the furnace can be driven. The metal, when properly fused, is allowed to cool down to the required consistency, skimmed of all impurities which may be floating on the surface, when it is ready to be operated upon, and to be made into any form that may be desired.

The operations are simple and beautiful, and are performed with remarkable quickness and dexterity. One single description may be given as an insight to the various other methods of blowing flint-glass articles; namely, the process of making a fish-globe.

A tube, or *pipe*, of iron, is heated at one end, and the workman immerses this extremity slightly into the metal; turning the pipe round, he presses gradually out of it the semi-viscid fluid, draws it from the furnace, and rolls the collected metal backwards and forwards upon a rectangular table of cast-iron (a marver).

By dint of rolling, the metal is made to blow in an even and uniform manner throughout, and when it has assumed somewhat the shape of a pear, it is sent to the blower. The blower heats the vitreous mass in the furnace, draws it quickly therefrom, blows into the pipe, swings it a little, cuts the part near the pipe with an iron instrument something resembling a pair of shears, blows into it again, and reheats it. Having acquired sufficient heat, he blows it to the shape required, its form being almost similar to a balloon, with a neck at that part attached to the tube. The blower then flattens the extremity furthest from the pipe with a piece of smooth wood, which is for the bottom of the *globe*; an iron rod (punty), with a small portion of hot metal, is attached to the centre of this bottom; a piece of cold, wet iron is applied to the part which was cut to form the neck, a smart tap is given to the pipe, and it is disunited from the *globe*. The neck is then exposed to the action of an intense heat, and when sufficiently softened, the workman inserts his work-tool within the neck, and turning the "punty" rapidly, while pressing with the instrument, the aperture becomes enlarged, a rim is formed, and a beautiful globe for keeping gold-fishes in is produced. The fish-globe is then placed into a hot kiln to anneal, or temper, where it remains till gradually cooled by the withdrawal of fire from the annealing arch; for, were it not thus tempered, glass of every kind is apt to fly or break to pieces from the variations of temperature to which it may be subjected.

Besides the foregoing method, there are other ways of producing articles of flint-glass—namely, by blowing or pressing the liquid glass in metallic moulds. In this manner imitations of cut-glass are obtained, the metal acquiring the several forms with as much faithfulness as wax.

By this means the public are enabled to enjoy the cheap luxury of every variety of fancy glass ware, which they would not have done if these productions depended entirely upon the process of grinding or cutting.

Glasses for the different descriptions of optical instruments, as spectacle glasses, telescopes, microscopes, &c., are obtained from *white* glass, in which case every possible care is taken to preserve the metal from all *wave*, dust, or any gritty particles, which would be the means of rendering the glasses useless.

The production of glass fitted for the construction of lenses for large telescopes, is a work of extreme difficulty, that those who excel in it become celebrated, and take rank among the men of science. Previous to the year 1845, English glass-makers were almost entirely debarred from the opportunity of competing for this honorable distinction; but since the removal of the vexatious fiscal interferences with the manufacture of glass, they have been enabled to enter into honorable competition with their neighbors on the continent, who had heretofore monopolized the construction of dioptric lenses for lighthouses, as well as other kinds of large optical glasses.

The various colored glasses are made in the flint-glass manufactory, and are produced by adding different metallic oxides to the composition of sand, pearl-ash, &c. To obtain an amethystine tint, oxide of manganese is added; for brown, oxide of iron; for green, oxide of copper; for blue, oxide of cobalt; for purple, oxide of gold; for ruby, sub-oxide of copper; for yellow, oxide of silver; and for white, oxide of tin.

WISHING.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring,
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

Oh,—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

THE BISHAM ABBEY.—At this place there is preserved a picture of Lady Hobby (sister to lady Bacon and Lady Burleigh,) with a very white face and hands, dressed in coif, weeds, and wimple, then allowed to a baronet's widow. In this dress she is still supposed to haunt a bed-room, where she appears with a self-supported basin moving before her, in which she is perpetually trying to wash her hands; but it is remarkable that the apparition is always in the negative, the black part white, the white black. The legend is that, because her child, William Hobby, could not write without making blots, she beat him to death. It is remarkable that twenty years ago, in altering the window-shutter, a quantity of children's copy-books of the time of Elizabeth, were discovered pushed into the rubble between the joists of the floor, and that one of these was a copy-book which answered exactly to the story.—*Murray's Handbook to Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire.*

INTERIOR OF A FLINT-GLASS MANUFACTORY.

STOP THAT CRADLE!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Young mother, stop that cradle, and let your baby cry a few minutes, if it must, while you think about it. A little exercise of its lungs will be good for it any how, and there is no physical difference, of any account, whether that exercise be in *crying* or *singing*. But stop that abominable machine a moment, at any rate, as I said before, and think about it.

Well, what now, do you say? Well, in the first place, the machine was invented by our ancestors, when babies were scarce, comparatively, and time was precious absolutely, and there were no carpets. So it was designed as a baby-saving and a time-saving machine. The practical mother thought she did some great things (God bless her!) when she rocked the cradle with one foot and drove the distaff with the other, and spun the wool and the flax for her household. And so she did; but it never occurred to her that, while art made the cradle, nature made the baby, and made it upon purely natural principles, and to be a purely natural being, at least until it should grow up and "come out in society."

She never thought it was just as natural for the "darling" to go to sleep when it was tired of keeping awake, as it was for it to cry for food or scream with the colic. So she didn't think to lay her baby away on the bed or crib in the quiet, or on two chairs, or on the floor, or any where, so it should be warm and comfortable, to let it take a natural nap, and wake up in a *natural way when it had* slept enough. No, and if her nursery was her sitting-room, and her sitting-room was her kitchen, (and there was great simplicity in olden times,) she didn't think how annoying it was for her poor husband to knock his devoted shins against the confounded "rockers," and how he swore in his sleeve, and wished fairies had never been invented, almost. No, and she didn't once think that the effect of the cradle is to addle the tender brain of the infant, and so make a fool of her baby, and a slave of herself at the same time.

But you can afford to think of these things, young mother, and to practice a little philosophy in the business. When *you* sleep, your brain requires perfect rest or quiet, just as much as your body, so that your mind may rest, and recover its vigor; don't your baby's the same? When you are weary and disposed to sleep, *you* don't require to be rocked; you want only quiet, and you are more artificial, too, than your baby, because you've "come out." Does your baby want any more?

But, perhaps you have a cradle with modern improvements. I mean one of those that "wind up" like a clock, and so rock themselves. So much the worse, for then your baby must submit to the brain-addling process whether it will or not. Once in the cradle and "wound up," it *must go*. This is "the most unkindest rock" of all, and will do more to impair the intellectual faculties, and sour the temper of your child, than all other causes combined, except indulgence in everything it cries for. And then these cradles have another improvement in the shape of an object suspended over the baby's face, and contrived so as to move back and forth, from side to side, as the cradle rocks. Though this is professedly to scare away the *flies*, it is really to cause the tender eyes of the baby to turn in towards the nose; and thus produce strabismus; and it is done in *sheer malice*.

Now think of your baby grown up to manhood or womanhood, with a weak or imperfectly developed brain, and cross-eyed to boot, and all done by that infernal machine, the cradle! And you at the same time the cause of it, and a slave to the operation for months and years while it was going on. Think of it, and make kindling wood of your cradle.

But there is still a higher and more national view to take of this matter. Many of our great men—I mean by great men, those troublesome, mischievous, quarrelsome, vulgar, profane and worthless ones, we dare not keep about us, and for peace sake send to the legislature and to Congress—many of these great men have sprung from very honorable parentage, and, no doubt, some of them had mothers who owned a self-rocking cradle, and who were in the habit of winding up the baby in the morning and spending the day, or a part of it, at the meetings of the "Philo-Zaneona," I believe that is the name.

Now I beg you will think of these things, and think of our political troubles at the present moment, which no doubt are all the off-spring of this silly mania for rocking, and put away the cradle as the most dangerous of our "institutions." KESWICK.

THE MYRTLE CROWN.

Every Swedish girl, when six or seven years of age, plants a Myrtle, which is to furnish her Bridal Crown.

Fresh myrtle leaves for a bridal crown,
Glossy and green 'mid the ringlets brown;
No pearls, no delicate orange flowers,
Made by tired fingers in weary hours,
But a wreath of natural myrtle leaves
A Swedish bride 'mid her tresses weaves.

Many years ago, in childhood's hour,
She planted a slip of the myrtle flower,
And tended it carefully day by day,
As the green buds burst on the slender spray,
Little marking the years as onward they flew,
Save to note how quickly the myrtle grew.

Then a child no more, but a woman fair
Tended the myrtle with loving care.
And wondered, perchance, if long it would be
Ere she gathered the leaves from the myrtle tree!

'Tis a quaint old custom, long handed down,
The child plants the tree for her bridal crown.

At last comes the day—the glad wedding day,
And the leaves are stripped from the slender spray;
No costly jewels, but fitter by far
For a bridal-wreath myrtle leaflets are,
Where Love lies hid in the tresses brown
'Neath the simple Swedish bridal crown.

RELIGION FOR THE TIMES.

We adopt the sentiment of a cotemporary, in commending the following article to the careful consideration of all our readers, and if any of them find the hints applicable to their individual case, let them "put it on." It is from a writer in the Congregationalist, and he describes a religion which the times require, in sensible, pointed language:

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—prolongs the honey-moon into the harvest-moon, and makes the happy hours like the easter fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the bloom of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strichnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box.

The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Gouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard-stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvedge to selvedge, nor all wool delaines, and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together, be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put tricks at five dollars per thousand, into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets, where boards ought to join, nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched.

The religion which is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

AFTER A BATTLE.

The following graphic sketch, from the pen of an English officer who served with his regiment throughout the war against the Sepoy mutineers in India, describes the field of battle after the victory of Mundasoore:

A battle-field immediately after an action is no very inviting scene. More than one sense is sickened by the objects around; the air is tainted, and death stares you in the face in most hideous form; swollen and bloated carcases covered with vultures or being torn to pieces by the pariah dogs; corpses lying drawn up in a heap burnt to a cinder; some without a vestige of clothing, others lying peacefully as they fell; the village was almost too foul to pass through, almost every house had its inmates of dead in some ghastly form or other—what the sword had commenced fire had ended. Death and black ruin lay everywhere together. Spite all this, one old woman, who seemed nearly eighty years of age, had remained there a witness of the fearful consummation. Perhaps she was too feeble to fly, or held the little life then flowing in her veins too worthless to prolong. She appeared starving as she sat on a stone feebly sighing and drinking water from a little earthen vessel. There was no one to comfort her, and the soldiery passed her by as they would a dog! Down a well not far from the village we found a man hiding in a recess of the earth. How long he had been there no one knew, but he was too feeble to ascend by a rope which was thrown down to him. However we helped him up, and when he gained the top he was too weak to stand. Some brandy-and-water and native bread was offered to him by Major Bollean; but this he refused as he might have done poison, although he appeared dying from starvation! Another was discovered in a tree where he must have been for three days. He refused at first to come down; a musket was pointed at him, which had the desired effect; down he came, matchlock, tulwar, and powder-horn, too. In his belt we found eighty-eight rupees. *This the men divided, and the bird was made a prisoner and sent into* camp. In one of the fields an old woman was found with her right leg shattered by a shell; in another, *a little girl of about nine*, with her left leg shattered! All over the maidan were scattered English books, *papers, envelopes, ladies' silk-dresses covered with blood, bonnets, parasols, elegant drawing-room chairs*, and other things the rebels had plundered from Neemuch and other stations. The village still smouldered; the high crops were all beaten down; the earth torn up; nullahs filled with broken furniture, dead cattle and men; black heaps of ashes lay here and there, with charred corpses in their centres; the air was laden with sickening gases, in which vultures, kites, and crows circled and screamed, and circled over the horrid carcases below; wretched camp-followers were prowling among the corpses and ruins—women, laughing and trampling through the broken corn—men, turning about mangled bodies, diving into wells and tanks, climbing trees, and breaking down grain stacks—all searching for plunder like cowardly assassins, and revelling in the horrors of death, like fiends!

AMUSING STORY.—M. Larcher (a French traveller in England,) supplies this anecdote for the information of the lovers of truth:—"Some years since, a rich citizen of London died, and left *Miss B———*, who did not at all know him, a fortune mounting up to several millions. No one would be able to imagine the motive of this unexpected munificence. 'I beg,' he wrote, 'Miss B——— to do accept the gift of my entire fortune, too small to express the inexpressible sensations which, for three years, the contemplation of her adorable nose has given me.' Fearing some error or mystification, Miss B——— inquired of the lawyers, who came to get her signature for the acceptance of the legacy, if the testator was yet interred? 'No,' replied they. 'Then conduct me to him!' Here the astonishment became general. 'It is he!' cries Miss B———, on uncovering the face of the deceased. 'It is the man who for three years pursued me with his compliments and his verses in honor of my nose! At Hyde Park, at Covent Garden, he was always before me, and incessantly staring!' Miss B——— deigned to accept the millions."

THE SWEETEST REWARD.—I have no experience to inform me, and no direct testimony from the experience of those I have known, but my heart tells me that the sweetest reward of great achievements is the excitement to a tenderer love, and a more thorough devotion of the one heart and the little circle of hearts with which the author holds direct personal communion. A great man, without a loving heart at his side, or a circle of loving hearts around him, must, it seems to me, have a love for all mankind, such as only a great Christian heart can know, to keep him from committing suicide. My heart tells me, too, that we can only find reward in working for those we love. A woman, working for the world's praise, will always have to measure the satisfaction she finds in that praise by the same cup that holds her love.—*Miss Gilbert's Career.*

LIVEABLE PEOPLE.

Everybody who has ever been under a master or engaged by an employer, everybody who has ever been a member of a household or a family, must have a ready conception of the quality—liveableness. It may be said to express the whole range of those peculiarities of heart and of manners which are required to make association tolerable. Many men and women are of irreproachable character in all the great essentials, yet are not liveable people. Many are doubtful, or more than doubtful, in these respects, and yet are eminently liveable people. Perhaps, it may even be said that extreme "correctness" is somewhat inconsistent with liveableness; while, on the other hand, failings and faults, within a certain limit, are necessary for it. We mean to say that "the faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," would necessarily be an eminently unliveable person; because—this, at least, is how we suppose it is—when a person has succeeded in trampling out all the fires of error in his own constitution, he becomes unsympathising with, and intolerant of, the weaknesses of others. Equally, if he has succeeded in subjecting all his intellectual operations to the strict rule of logic, does he become unable to endure with patience the vague misreasonings of his fellow-creatures, and so grows disagreeable to them. It would appear as if he must not go beyond a fair medium in these respects, in order to be liveable.

All that makes servitude endurable to the servant—all that makes the position of a wife, or a child, or any other domesticated relative happy—all that makes a commercial partner, or an associate in any public matter, at ease in the common concerns, is bound up in this one word—liveable! How great, therefore, is the responsibility we are all under towards our neighbors in this respect? How unimportant that we should be infallibly right to a shade in our speculations, or even beyond reproach in our general habit of life, as compared with the duty we are under to make our personal contact and communings with our fellow-creatures a matter to them not of terror and pain, but of soft and happy feeling! The great practical questions about a man, after all, are: Has he been a gentle master? Has he been a kind husband and father? Has he been agreeable with others in their connected affairs? Has he, in short, diffused a pleasant atmosphere about him in his parlor-life, in the counting-room, in the workshop? For, with ninety-nine of every hundred of us, it is almost solely in these things that we have any influence for good or for evil. Tell us not, then, of such a man, that he is skilled in affairs, or acute in debate; of another, that he can be safely trusted with the interests of great companies; of a third, that *he has never yet made any decided mistake, or incurred any great obloquy in society.* Tell us rather of them whether their employes shrink aside at their approach, whether their children are better pleased to be out of their presence or in it, whether the people they come in contact with in business, feel constrained or at ease with them; for there lies their true importance.

We all, or most of us, wish to be progressive in some good way, to increase in intelligence, and to advance in worth; but we are extremely apt, in doing so, to neglect the duty of making ourselves more and more tolerable to our immediate connections; nay, we are liable, in our best efforts at progress, to go back in this respect. It somehow does not naturally occur to a man that, while rising in external respectability, he may be declining in some other capacity; but it is so. At the very time that large communities are ringing with glories he has been achieving, some may be having occasion to say. Alas! but he is a cooling friend—he is a more rigorous parent—he is becoming a more exacting employer—as a husband, there is now no pleasing him. While he is a laurelled commander or poet in the eyes of the public, it may be that relatives, once made happy in his smiles, are pining under his coldness, or withering from the effects of his bad temper. In such circumstances, need we ask if his own true happiness is advanced? Will a world's acclaim ever make up for the averted looks of one, once fondly loved, however humble that one may be? Alas, no.

And this brings us round to the fact, that to be liveable is as important for ourselves as for others. Unless we make ourselves so, it is vain to expect that others will be liveable to us. There are people, not generally meaning ill—on the contrary, perhaps, rather estimable people in many respects—but who, not seeing this duty of being liveable, and taking no pains with it, become what is called unpopular—"peculiar"—in short, disagreeable; and who, finding themselves so without the consciousness of having done anything to deserve condemnation, are soured at society, and so go on, becoming more and more disagreeable. Now, such persons are very unhappy, and, when their substantial worth is considered, one cannot but be sorry for them. It is well worth while to point out to them the real source of their misfortunes. Let them make liveableness a study and a practice, and they will soon find how much their own comfort depends upon it.

WHAT IS EXCESS IN TOBACCO?—The London Lancet, an able medical periodical, says:

"Half-a-dozen pipes or three cigars per diem do not constitute excess; but an ounce *of tobacco*, smoked, or chewed, or snuffed, during the twenty-four hours, is excess, and of the most dangerous description. We are perfectly willing to believe that the statistics of the lives of inveterate smokers will be found below the average; but what is an inveterate smoker? He is a man whose throat and abdomen are one huge meerschaum. He eats, drinks, and sleeps upon tobacco. He sucks a filthy short pipe till his teeth, his tongue, and his very finger-nails become stained and impregnated with essential oil; or else he chews a 'quid' till his complexion is as yellow as a guinea, and his hand trembles like that of a drunkard afflicted with delirium tremens."

A "SPIRITUAL" POEM.

[The following poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Spiritual trance speaker, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem, that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since, and attracted much attention, but the following poem is of a higher order, and much more like Poe than the other.—*Springfield Republican.*]

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of life supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door:
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Chased my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampyres—sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying:
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give! oh, give me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations—
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration
Passed my fainting soul salvation,
For, from out its blackened fire-crypts, did my quickened spirit soar:
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls forevermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it;
And in giving love, you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.

THE SPANIARD DECLINING THE ENGLISHMAN'S OFFER OF MONEY.

MY SPANISH SWEETHEART.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "DR. THORNE," "CASTLE RICHMOND," "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," &c.

I am an Englishman, living, as all Englishmen should do, in England, and my wife would not, I think, be well pleased were any one to insinuate that she were other than an Englishwoman; but in the circumstances of my marriage I became connected with the south of Spain, and the narrative which I am about to tell, requires that I should refer to some of those details.

The Pomfrets and Daguilars have long been in trade together in this country, and one of the partners has usually resided at Seville for the sake of the works which the firm there possesses. My father, James Pomfret, lived there for ten years before his marriage; and since that, and up to the present period, old Mr. Daguilar has been always on the spot. He was, I believe, born in Spain, but he came very early to England; he married an English wife, and his sons have been educated exclusively in England. His only daughter, Maria Daguilar, did not pass so large a proportion of her early life in this country, but she came to us for a visit at the age of seventeen, and when she returned, I made up my mind that I most assuredly would go after her.

I felt, at the first, that there was something lacking to make my cup of love perfectly delightful. It was very sweet, but there was wanting that flavor of romance which is generally added to the heavenly draught by a slight admixture of opposition. I feared that the path of my true love would run too smooth. When Maria came to our house, my mother and elder sister seemed to be quite willing that I should be continually alone with her; and she had not been there ten days before my father, by chance, remarked that there was nothing old Mr. Daguilar valued so highly as a thorough feeling of intimate alliance between the two families which had been so long connected in trade. I was never told that Maria was to be my wife, but I felt that the same thing was done without words; and when, after six weeks of somewhat elaborate attendance upon her, I asked her to be Mrs. John Pomfret, I had no more fear of a refusal, or even of hesitation on her part, than I now have when I suggest to my partner some commercial transaction of undoubted advantage.

But Maria, even at that age, had about her a quiet, sustained decision of character, quite unlike anything I had seen in English girls. I used to hear, and do still hear, how much more flippant is the education of girls in France and Spain than in England; and I know that this is shown to be the result of many causes; but, nevertheless, I rarely see in one of our own young women the same power of a self-sustained demeanor as I meet on the continent. It goes no deeper than the demeanor, people say. I can only answer that I have not found that shallowness in my own wife.

Miss Daguilar replied to me that she was not prepared with an answer; she had only known me six weeks, and wanted more time to think about it; besides, there was one in her own country with whom she would wish to consult. I knew she had no mother; and as for consulting old Mr. Daguilar on such a subject, that idea, I knew, could not have troubled her. Besides, as I afterwards learned, Mr. Daguilar had already proposed the marriage to his partner, exactly as he would have proposed a division of assets. My mother declared that Maria was a foolish chit—in which, by-the-bye, she showed her entire ignorance of Miss Daguilar's character; my eldest sister begged that no constraint might be put on the young lady's inclinations—which provoked me to assert that the young lady's inclinations were by no means opposed to my own; and my father, in the coolest manner, suggested that the matter might stand over for twelve months!—and that I might then go to Seville, and see about it. Stand over for twelve months! Would not Maria, long before that time, have been snapped up and carried off by one of those inordinately rich Spanish grandees who are still to be met with occasionally in Andalusia!

My father's dictum, however, had gone forth; and Maria, in the calmest voice, protested that she thought it very wise. I should *be less of a boy by that time, she said,* smiling on me, but *driving wedges between* every fibre of my body as she spoke. "Be it so," I said proudly; "at any rate, I am not so much of a boy that I shall forget you." "And, John, you still have the trade to learn," she added, *with her deliciously foreign intonation*—speaking very slowly, but with perfect pronunciation. The trade to learn! However, I said not a word, but stalked out of the room, meaning to see her no more before she went. But I could not resist attending on her in the hall as she started; and, when she took leave of us, she put her face up to be kissed by me, as she did by my father, and seemed to receive as much emotion from one embrace as from the other. "He'll go out by the packet of the 1st of April," said my father, speaking of me as though I were a bale of goods. "Ah! that will be so nice," said Maria, settling her dress in the carriage; "the oranges will be ripe for him then!"

On the 17th of April I did sail, and felt still very like a bale of goods. I had received one letter from her, in which she merely stated that her papa would have a room ready for me on my arrival; and in answer to that, I had sent an epistle somewhat longer, and, as I then thought, a little more to the purpose. Her turn of mind was more practical than romantic, and I must confess my belief that she did not appreciate my poetry.

I landed at Cadiz, and was there joined by an old family friend, one of the very best fellows that ever lived. He was to accompany me up as far as Seville, and, as he had lived for a year or two at Xeres, was supposed to be more Spanish almost than a Spaniard. His name was Johnson, and he was in the wine trade; and whether for travelling, or whether for staying at home—whether for paying you a visit in your own house, or whether for entertaining you in his—there never was (and I am prepared to maintain there never will be) a stancher friend, a choicer companion, or a safer guide than Thomas Johnson. Words cannot produce an eulogium sufficient for his merits. But, as I have since learned, he was not quite so Spanish as I had imagined. Three years among the *bodegas* of Xeres had taught him, no doubt, to appreciate the exact twang of a good, dry sherry; but not, as I now conceive, the exactest flavor of the true Spanish character. I was very lucky, however, in meeting such a friend, and now reckon him as one of the stanchest allies of the house of Pomfret Daguilar and Pomfret.

He met me at Cadiz, and took me about the town, which appeared to me to be of no very great interest. The young ladies were all very well; but, in this respect, I was then a stoic, till such time as I might be able to throw myself at the feet of her whom I was ready to proclaim the most lovely of all the Andalusian damsels. He carried me up by boat and railway to Xeres; gave me a most terrible headache, by dragging me out into the glare of the sun, after I had tasted some half-a-dozen different wines, and went through all the ordinary hospitalities. On the next day we returned to Puerto, and from thence, getting across to St. Lucar and Bonanza, found ourselves on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and took our places in the boat for Seville. I need say but little to my readers respecting that far-famed river. Thirty years ago we in England generally believed that on its banks was to be found a pure elysium of pastoral beauty; that picturesque shepherds and lovely maidens there fed their flocks in fields of asphodel; that the limpid stream ran cool and crystal over bright stones and beneath perennial shade; and that everything on the Guadalquivir was as lovely and poetical as its name. Now, it is pretty widely known that no uglier river oozes down to its bourn in the sea, through unwholesome banks of low mud. It is brown and dirty; ungifted by any scenic advantage; margined for miles upon miles by huge, flat, expansive fields, in which cattle are reared—the bulls wanted for the bull-fights among other uses—and birds of prey sit constant on the shore, watching for the carcases of such as die. Such are the charms of the golden Guadalquivir.

At first, we were very dull on board that steamer. I never found myself in a position in which there was less to do. There was a nasty smell about the little boat which made me almost ill; every turn in the river was so exactly like the last, that we might have been standing still; there was no amusement except eating, and that, when once done, was *not of a kind to make an early repetition desirable.* Even Johnson was becoming dull, and I began to doubt whether I was so dolorous as I once had been to travel the length and breadth of all Spain. But about noon a little incident occurred which did for a time remove some of our tedium. The boat had stopped to take in passengers on the river; and, among others, a man had come on board dressed in a fashion that, to my eyes, was equally strange and picturesque. Indeed his appearance was so singular, that I could not but regard him with care, though I felt, at first, averse to stare at a fellow-passenger on account of his clothes. He was a man of about fifty, but as active, apparently, as though not more than twenty-five; he was of low stature, but of admirable make; his hair was just becoming grizzled, but was short and crisp, and well cared-for; his face was prepossessing, having a look of good humor added to courtesy, and there was a pleasant, soft smile round his mouth which ingratiated one at the first sight. But it was his dress rather than his person which attracted attention. He wore the ordinary Andalusian cap—of which such hideous parodies are now making themselves common in England—but was not contented with the usual ornament of the double tuft. The cap was small and jaunty; trimmed with silk velvet—as is common here with men careful to adorn their persons; but this man's cap was finished off with a jewelled button and golden filagree work. He was dressed in a short jacket with a stand-up collar; and that also was covered with golden buttons and with golden buttonholes. It was all gilt down the front, and all lace down the back. The row of buttons was double; and those of the more backward row hung down in heavy pendules. His waistcoat was of colored silk—very pretty to look at; and ornamented with a small sash, through which gold threads were worked. The bindings of his breeches also were of gold; and there were gold tags to all the buttonholes. His stockings were of the finest silk, and clocked with gold from the knee to the ankle.

Dress any Englishman in such a garb as this, and he will at once give you the idea of a hog in armor. In the first place, he will lack the proper spirit to carry it off; and in the next place, the motion of his limbs will disgrace the ornaments they bear. "And so best," most Englishmen will say. Very likely; and, therefore, let no Englishman try it. But my Spaniard did not look at all like a hog in armor. He walked slowly down the plank into the boat, whistling slowly, but very clearly, a few bars from an opera tune. It was plain to see that he was master of himself, of his ornaments, and of his limbs. He had no appearance of thinking that men were looking at him, or of feeling that he was beauteous in his attire—nothing could be more natural than his foot-fall, or the quiet glance of his cheery gray eye. He walked up to the captain, who held the helm, and lightly raised his hand to his cap. The captain, taking one hand from the wheel, did the same, and then the stranger, turning his back to the stern of the vessel, and frowning down the river with his face, continued to whistle slowly, clearly, and in excellent time. Grand as were his clothes, they were no burthen on his mind.

"What is he?" said I, going up to my friend Johnson with a whisper.

"Well, I've been looking at him," said Johnson—which was true enough; "he's a——an uncommonly good-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"Particularly so," said I; "and got up quite irrespective of expense. Is he a——a gentleman, now, do you think?"

"Well, those things are so different in Spain that it is almost impossible to make an Englishman understand them; one learns to know all these sort of people by being with them in the country, but one can't explain."

"No; exactly. Are they real gold?"

"Yes, yes; I dare say they are. They sometimes have them silver gilt."

"It is quite a common thing, then, isn't it?" asked I.

"Well, not exactly that—— Ah! yes; I see! of course. He is a torero."

"A what?"

"A mayo. I will explain it all to you. You will see them about in all places, and will get used to them."

"But I haven't seen one other as yet."

"No, and they are not all so gay as this, nor so new in their finery, you know."

"And what *is a torero?*"

"Well, a torero is a man engaged in bull-fighting."

"Oh! he is a matador, is he?" said I, looking at him with more than all my eyes.

"No, not exactly that—not of necessity. He is probably a mayo—a fellow that dresses himself smart for fairs, and will be seen hanging about with the bull-fighters. What would be a sporting fellow in England—only he won't drink and curse like a low man on the turf there. Come, shall we go and speak to him?"

"I can't talk to him," said I, diffident of my Spanish. I had received lessons in England from Maria Daguilar; but six weeks is little enough for making love, let alone the learning of a foreign language.

"Oh! I'll do the talking. You'll find the language easy enough before long. It soon becomes the same as English to you, when you live among them." And then Johnson, walking up to the stranger, accosted him with that good-natured familiarity with which a thoroughly nice fellow always opens a conversation with his inferiors. Of course I could not understand the words which were exchanged; but it was clear enough that the "mayo" took the address in good part, and was inclined to be communicative and social.

"They are all of pure gold," said Johnson, turning to me after a minute, making as he spoke a motion with his head to show the importance of the information.

"Are they indeed?" said I. "Where on earth did a fellow like that get them?" Whereupon Johnson again returned to his conversation with the man. After another minute he raised his hand, and began to finger the button on the shoulder; and to aid him in doing so, the man of the bull-ring turned a little on one side.

"They are wonderfully well made," said Johnson, talking to me, and still fingering the button. "They are manufactured, he says, at Osuna, and he tells me that they make them better there than anywhere else."

"I wonder what the whole set would cost?" said I. "An enormous deal of money for a fellow like him, I should think!"

"Over twelve ounces," said Johnson, having asked the question; "and that will be more than forty pounds."

"What an uncommon ass he must be!" said I.

As Johnson, by this time, was very closely scrutinizing the whole set of ornaments, I thought I might do so also, and going up close to our friend, I too began to handle the buttons and tags on the other side. Nothing could have been more good-humored than he was—so much so that I was emboldened to hold up his arm that I might see the cut of his coat, to take off his cap and examine the make, to stuff my finger in beneath his sash, and at last to kneel down while I persuaded him to hold up his legs that I might look to the clocking of the stockings. The fellow was thoroughly good-natured, and why should I not indulge my curiosity?

"You'll upset him, if you don't take care," said Johnson; for I had got fast hold of him by one ankle, and was determined to finish the survey completely.

"Oh, no, I sha'n't," said I; "a bull-fighting chap can surely stand on one leg. But what I wonder at, is, how on earth he can afford it! Whereupon Johnson again began to interrogate him in Spanish.

"He says he has got no children," said Johnson, having received a reply, "and that, as he has nobody but himself to look after, he is able to allow himself such little luxuries."

"Tell him that I say he would be better with a wife and couple of babies," said I—and Johnson interpreted.

"He says that he'll think of it some of these days, when he finds that the supply of fools in the world is becoming short," said Johnson.

We had nearly done with him now; but after regaining my feet, I addressed myself once more to the heavy pendules, which hung down almost under his arm. I lifted one of these, meaning to feel its weight between my fingers; but unfortunately I gave a lurch, probably through the motion of the boat, and still holding by the button, tore it almost off from our friend's coat.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" I said, in broad English.

"It do not matter at all," he said, bowing, and speaking with equal plainness. And then, taking a knife from his pocket, he cut the pendule off, leaving a bit of torn cloth on the side of his jacket.

"Upon my word, I am quite unhappy," said I; "but I always am so awkward." Whereupon he bowed low.

"Couldn't I make it right?" said I, bringing out my purse.

He lifted his hand, and I saw that it was small and white; he lifted it, and gently put it upon my purse, smiling sweetly as he did so.

"Thank you, no, senor; thank you, no." And then bowing to us both, he walked away down into the cabin.

"Upon my word, he is a deuced well-mannered fellow," said I.

"You shouldn't have offered him money," said Johnson; "a Spaniard does not like it."

"Why, I thought you could do nothing without money in this country. Doesn't every one take bribes?"

"Ah! yes; that is a different thing; but not the price of a button. By Jove! he understood English, too. Did you see that?"

"Yes; and I called him an ass! I hope he doesn't mind it."

"Oh! no; he won't think anything about it," said Johnson. "Those sort of fellows don't. I daresay we shall see him in the bull-ring next Sunday, and then we'll make it all right with a glass of lemonade."

And so our adventure ended with the man of the gold ornaments. I was sorry that I had spoken English before him so heedlessly and resolved that I would never be guilty of such a *gaucherie* again. But, then, who would think that a Spanish bull-fighter would talk a fore go language? I was sorry, also, that I had torn his coat—it had looked so awkward; and sorry, again, that I had offered the man money. Altogether, I was a little ashamed of myself; but I had too much to look forward to at Seville to allow any heaviness to remain long at my heart; and, before I had arrived at the marvellous city, I had forgotten both him and his buttons.

Nothing could be nicer than the way in which I was welcomed at Mr. Daguilar's house, or more kind—I may almost say affectionate—than Maria's manner to me. But it was too affectionate; and I am not sure that I should not have liked my reception better had she been more diffident in her tone, and less inclined to greet me with open warmth. As it was, she again gave me her cheek to kiss, in her father's presence, and called me "dear John," and asked me specially after some rabbits, which I had kept at home merely for a younger sister; and then it seemed as though she were in no way embarrassed by the peculiar circumstances of our position. Twelve months since I had asked her to be my wife, and now she was to give me an answer; and yet she was as assured in her gait, and as serenely joyous in her tone, as though I were a brother just returned from college. It could not be that she meant to refuse me, or she would not smile on me and be so loving; but I could almost have found it in my heart to wish that she would. "It is quite possible," said I to myself, "that I may not be found so ready for this family bargain. A love that is to be had like a bale of goods is not exactly the love to suit my taste." But then, when I met her again in the morning, I could no more have quarrelled with her than I could have flown.

I was inexpressibly charmed with the whole city, and especially with the house in which Mr. Daguilar lived. It opened from the corner of a narrow, unfrequented street—a corner like an elbow—and, as seen from the exterior, there was nothing prepossessing to recommend it; but the outer door led by a short hall or passage to an inner door, or *grille*, made of open ornamental iron-work, and through that we entered a court, or *patio*, as they called it. Nothing could be more lovely or deliciously cool than was this small court. The building on each side was covered by trellis work; and beautiful creepers, vines, and parasite flowers, now in the full magnificence of the early summer, grew up and clustered round the window. Every inch of wall was covered, so that none of the glaring whitewash wounded the eye. In the four corners of the *patio* were four large orange trees, covered with fruit. I would not say a word in special praise of these, remembering the childish promise she had made on my behalf. In the middle of the court there was a fountain, and round about on the marble floor there were chairs, and here and there a small table, as though the space were really a portion of the house. It was here that we used to take our cup of coffee and smoke our cigarettes, and I told Mr. Daguilar, while Maria sat by, not only approving, but occasionally rolling for me the thin paper round the fragrant weed with her taper fingers. Beyond the *patio* was an open passage or gallery, filled also with flowers in pots; and then beyond this one entered the drawing-room of the house. It was by no means a princely palace or mansion, fit for the owner of untold wealth. The rooms were not over large, nor very numerous; but the most had been made of a small space, and everything had been done to relieve the heat of an almost tropical sun.

"It is pretty, is it not?" she said, as she took me through it.

"Very pretty," I said. "I wish we could live in such houses."

"Oh, they would not do at all for dear old fat, cold, cozy England. You are quite different, you know, in everything from us of the south; more phlegmatic, but then so much steadier. The men and the houses are all the same."

I can hardly tell why, but even this wounded me. It seemed to me as though she were inclined to put into one and the same category things English, dull, useful, and solid, and that she was disposed in talking to me to show an appreciation for such necessaries of life; but that she had another and inner sense—a sense keenly alive to the poetry of her own southern clime, and that I, as being English, was to have no participation in that. An English husband might do very well, the interests of the firm might make such an arrangement desirable, such a *mariage de convenance*—so I argued to myself—might be quite compatible with—with Heaven only knows what delights of super-terrestrial romance, from which I, as being an English thick-headed lump of useful, coarse mortality, was to be altogether debarred. She had spoken to me of oranges, and having finished the survey of the house, she offered me some sweet little cakes. It could not be that of such things were the thoughts which lay undivulged beneath the clear waters of those deep black eyes—undivulged to me, though no one else could have so good a right to read them—it could not be that that noble brow gave index of a mind intent on the trade of which she spoke so often! Words of other sort than any that had been vouchsafed to me must fall, at times, from the rich curves of that perfect mouth.

So felt I then, pining for something to make me unhappy. Ah me! I know all about it now, and am content. But I wish that some learned pundit would give us a good definition of romance, would describe in words that feeling with which our hearts are so pestered when we are young, which makes us sigh for we know not what, and forbids us to be contented with what God sends us. We invest female beauty with impossible attributes, and are angry because our women have not the spiritualized souls of angels, anxious as we are that they should also have human affections. A man looks at her he would love as he does at a distant landscape in a mountainous land. The peaks are glorious with more than the beauty of earth, and rock, and vegetation. He dreams of some mysterious grandeur of design which tempts him on under the hot sun, and over the sharp stones, till he has reached the mountain goal which he had set before him. But when there, he finds that the beauty is well nigh gone, and as for that delicious mystery on which his soul had fed, it has vanished for ever!

I know all about it now, and am, as I said, content. Beneath those deep black eyes there lay wells of love—good, honest, homely love—love of father, and husband, and children that were to come—of that love which loves to see the loved ones prospering in honesty. That noble brow—for it is noble, I am unchanged in that opinion, and will go unchanged to my grave—covers thoughts as to the welfare of many, and an intellect fitted to the management of a household; of servants, namely, and children, and, perchance, a husband. That mouth can speak words of wisdom—of very useful wisdom—though of poetry it has latterly uttered little that was original. Poetry and romance! They are splendid mountain views seen in the distance. So let men be content to see them, and not attempt to tread upon the fallacious heather of the mystic hills.

In the first week of my sojourn in Seville, I spoke no word of overt love to Maria, thinking, as I confess, to induce her thereby to alter her mode of conduct to myself. "She knows that I have come here to make love to her—to repeat my offer; and she will, at any rate, be chagrined if I am slow to do so." But it had no effect. At home, my mother was rather particular about her table, and Maria's greatest efforts seemed to be used in giving me as nice dinners as we gave her. In those days I did not care a straw about my dinner, and so I took an opportunity of telling her. "Dear me," said she, looking at me almost with grief, "do you not? What a pity! And do you not like music either?" "Oh, yes, I adore it," I replied. I felt sure at the time that had I been born in her own sunny clime, she would never have talked to me about eating. But that was my mistake.

I used to walk out with her about the city, seeing all that is there of beauty and magnificence. And in what city is there more that is worth the seeing? At first, this was very delightful to me, for I felt that I was blessed with a privilege that would not be granted to any other man. But its value soon fell in my eyes, for others would accost her, and walk on the other side, talking to her in Spanish, as though I hardly existed, or were a servant there for her protection. And I was not allowed to take her arm, and thus to appropriate her, as I should have done in England. "No, John," she said, with the sweetest, prettiest smile, "we don't do that here; only when people are married." And she made this allusion to married life, out, openly, with not the slightest tremor on her tongue.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said I, drawing back my hand, and feeling angry with myself for not being fully acquainted with all the customs of a foreign country.

"You need not beg pardon," said she, "when we were in England we always walked so. It is just a custom, you know." And then I saw her drop her large, dark eyes to the ground, and bow gracefully in answer to some salute. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

FAVORABLE FINANCIAL NEWS.

The Europa brings foreign advices to the 3d. The financial news is unexpectedly favorable.

The financial writers all canvass the prospect of the American panic.

The Times's city article says the panic has reached a stage resembling some of the worst days of '57, but the leading commercial people seem to be aware of its utter groundlessness, so that the alarm was by no means equal to the agitation. The Times argues that the receipts of gold from England will immediately change the whole character of the New York money market. It is supposed that the steamers will shortly begin to bring to New York, from England, *a million of specie a week.*

Seventy thousand sovereigns were drawn from the Bank on Friday, as well as £30,000 sterling in bar gold for shipment per Europa. A large amount is reported withdrawn from the Liverpool branch.

The Bank rate of interest had been reduced to five per cent., and not five and a-half, as stated in Wednesday morning's New York papers.

The Bishop of Loretto had excommunicated the clergy of Santa Carta for receiving Victor Emmanuel.

PARIS, Dec. 1.—The Paya says the stay of Victor Emmanuel in Sicily will be of short duration.

The Patrie states that, according to the latest news, insurrectionary movements were increasing in the Abruzzi. Col. Belagrange, with 7,000 Sardinian troops, occupied the defiles of Mount Vellino, a position of importance. Several guerilla companies were being organized. The Piedmontese were forming flying columns, in order to act energetically at the point menaced.

LONDON, Saturday Evening.—The funds have been influenced by the satisfactory character of the Bank returns. Consols advanced ¼ per cent.

NAPLES, Nov. 30.—A commission, composed of Sardinian and Neapolitan officers, has been appointed to examine the titles of officers of the Two Sicilies who have adhered to the new Government.

An important reactionary demonstration, caused by the priests and lazzaroni, took place yesterday. Several persons were arrested, and the demonstration was suppressed and tranquility prevails.

PARIS, Saturday, Dec. 1, 3 25 P. M.—The Bourse opened firmer, but became heavy towards the close. Rentes were quoted at 70f. 30c., or 5c. lower than yesterday.

The Empress Eugenie will visit the Queen at Windsor Castle on Tuesday, and return home in the evening.

The London Times reviews the American secession movement, and reiterates the belief that the Union will be maintained.

The John Adams was at Foo-chow, and the steamer Hartford and gun-boat Saginaw at Shanghai.

The Empress Eugenie was visiting Manchester, where her reception was cordial. The Town Council had presented her an address. Her proposed visit to Liverpool had been abandoned.

The insurance company in which defalcations to the amount of £10,000 sterling had been discovered, is the British Empire. The system adopted was the same as Pullinger's—a falsified pass-book—the delinquent being Mr. English, late secretary of the company.

ITALY.—The garrison of Gaeta had made a sortie, in order to capture the strategetical positions in the suburbs, but were repulsed with great loss.

The following is given as the position of affairs at Gaeta on the 19th:

The Piedmontese fleet had returned to Naples, the intention being to make an attack on the land side. The advanced Piedmontese posts were 1,500 metres from the mole and forts. They were placing mortars in line to open fire, and three out of five batteries constructing were ready. The besiegd kept up a fire to impede the construction of the batteries, but ineffectually. Typhus fever prevailed in the garrison, which was too crowded, numbering 18,000. The Piedmontese numbered 15,000.

A state of siege was established in the Abruzzi.

All persons bearing arms without permission, exciting the peasantry, or insulting the national flag, are to be shot.

Cavour's reply to the recent Prussian despatch, in which Sardinian policy was censured, is published. Cavour insists that the question of Umbrian marches and Two Sicilies is purely Italian, in no way affecting the rights of other Powers. He points out that Sardinia is the only conservative Power in Italy capable of overpowering the really revolutionary spirit, but warmly appeals to European sympathy instead of rebuke.

A Commercial Convention had been ratified between Sardinia and the Hanse towns.

AUSTRIA.—Serious disturbances, with loss of life, are reported at Debcezin, and the Epecrenrez, Hungary, on the 20th.

The Paris correspondent says that no Government has made any overtures to Austria respecting the cession of the purchases of Venetia.

CHINA.—Further details have been received of the operations in China. On two occasions thirty thousand Tartar cavalry advanced on the Allies, and were completely routed. Two thousand were killed, and fifty guns taken. The Allies had only eighteen wounded. The London Times's correspondent, Consul Parks, and three officers, were taken prisoners while choosing camping grounds, and conveyed to Pekin, where they were well treated.

The headquarters of the Allies are eight miles from Pekin. The Chinese sent a flag of truce with the provisions for a treaty, but Lord Elgin demanded the release of the provisions before negotiating.

The Emperor's brother has been appointed chief commissioner to make a peace.

The King of Belgium is seriously ill.

FRANCE.—A French Imperial decree provides for a more direct participation by the great bodies of State in the Government. The Senate and Corps Legislatif are annually to vote an address in reply to the Emperor's speech. Provision is made for a due expression of opinion and the publication of debates. The Ministers of the Colonies and of the Emperor's household are suppressed, the former being united to the Ministry of the Marine.

The Moniteur publishes the following:—"We are happy to be able to announce a marked improvement in the health of the Empress. Her Majesty, despite her great wish to remain *incognito*, has been recognized everywhere, and welcomed with sentiments of the most respectful sympathy. At Edinburgh the Provost presented an address to Her Majesty, and a Scotch regiment marched past the hotel where she was staying, its band playing the air of 'Queen Hortense,' amid the cheering of the population."

RUSSIA.—The much-talked-of circular of Lord John Russell to Sir James Hudson, has not given satisfaction in the Russian capital. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* in particular, expresses a very unfavorable opinion of the document, and asks, what would be the consequence if the doctrines of public law, as approved by the English statesmen, were put in practice by the inhabitants of Ireland and the Ionian islands.

THE NEW NEAPOLITAN CONSTITUTION AND THE JEWS.—The Sardinian Constitution, promulgated by Garribaldi in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, throws it open to the Jews. The old Bourbon law decreed that the exercises of no other religion save the Roman Catholic could be tolerated. To the best of our knowledge, there exists now no Jewish congregation in the whole of that kingdom. The branch of the Rothschild family that was established at Naples, was no doubt restricted to domestic worship.

THE MARKETS.—LIVERPOOL, Dec. 3.—The sales of Cotton at Liverpool on the 2nd, reached 6,000 bales, including 500 bales to exporters, the market closing quiet but irregular.

Breadstuffs were dull. Provisions quiet.

LATEST NEWS.—Major Anderson's wife implored the President to send more troops to Fort Moultrie. The President was immoveable. He professes to have assurance that the Charleston forts will not be attacked. These assurances do not satisfy Cass and Scott. General Cass shed tears in submitting his resignation.

It appears that the President has given orders to have the sloop of war Brooklyn held in readiness to proceed to Charleston, to aid in the defence of Fort Moultrie, at any time when he should command it, but declined to do anything immediately by way of reinforcing the garrison.

A letter is published from the wife of one of the officers at Fort Moultrie, denouncing the Administration for not reinforcing them. She says that they are to be "sacrificed." "Within a few days we hear—and from so many sources that we cannot doubt it—that the Charlestonians are erecting two batteries, one just opposite us, at a little village, Mount Pleasant, and another on the end of this island; and they dare the commander to interfere, while they are getting ready *to fight sixty men.* * * * * When the last man is shot down, I presume they will think of sending troops. The soldiers here deserve great credit—though they know what an unequal number is coming to massacre them, yet they are in good spirits, and will fight desperately. Our Commander says he never saw such a brave little band. I feel desperate myself. Our only hope is in God. My love to father, and all."

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Mr. Pickens has been elected Governor of South Carolina by the Legislature. The vote stood—Pickens 82, Johnson 64, scattering 13.

REPORTS FROM SPRINGFIELD.—*Springfield, Illinois, December* 15.—The Hon. Edward Bates had an interview with the President elect to-day, and it is said was formally offered the Secretaryship of the Interior in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. Mr. Bates is strongly opposed to secession, saying that it is treason, and must be put down, and the authority of the Government maintained at all hazards.

UNION MEETING.—At a meeting of prominent Democrats and Bell men in New York city, Millard Fillmore, Greene C. Bronson and Richard Latham were appointed a committee to visit the South.

GARIBALDI AT HOME.

The *Gazette di Torini* gives us some particulars of Garibaldi's landing in his little island home:

"Garibaldi," it says, "has arrived at Caprera. He appears extremely happy; in the first place, because he has resigned the management of affairs at Naples into the hands of the King *galantuomo;* secondly, because he is finally free from the numberless petitions with which he was pestered. He speaks with enthusiasm of his regained freedom, and he has been anxious to extend it even to his three war-horses, which he, with his own hands, unsaddled and unbridled and allowed freely to run about the country the moment he set foot on his own isle. So eager was the Dictator to be free from the cares of State, that he, with his own hands, loosened the mooring cable of the vessel which was to wait him away from Naples to Caprera. He expresses, however, the greatest faith in the future of Italy, and in the character of King Victor Emmanuel."

The *Movimento* of Genoa relates the following curious anecdote:

"When Garibaldi arrived at Caprera, he was astonished to find the appearance of the island quite changed. Instead of the stony desert he had left, he saw before him well-cultivated fields and beautiful plantations, with shady groves and spacious avenues. It looked as if a magician had been there, and struck the island with his wand, bidding nature forthwith to lavish her treasures on this chosen spot. But the General was still further surprised when, instead of his humble cottage, an elegant villa stood before him, on entering which the mystery was soon explained—for lo! on the walls of a fine large hall there hung the portrait of his friend Victor Emmanuel, who had turned his absence to account in order to prepare this surprise for him."

A SINGULAR CASE.

We recently heard a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, the son of a gentleman in an adjoining county. His age is 12 or 13. He is an interesting and promising lad. One day during the past winter, he failed to rise in the morning as early as usual. At length his father went into the room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up? He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired, but as the boy did not make his appearance for some time, he again returned, and said a second time,

"My son, why don't you get up?"

He replied—"Father, is it daylight?"

"Yes, long ago."

"Then, father," the little fellow sadly said, "I am blind."

And so it was. His sight was gone.

In a short time his father took him to Nashville, to get the benefit of the medical profession there, but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in a family of his father's acquaintance sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera, that he might hear the music and singing. He went and was delighted. In the course of the performance, all at once he leaped up, threw his arms around his father's neck, and screamed with ecstasy.

"Oh, father, I can see, I can see!"

His sight had instantly returned. And since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is sometimes a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

☞ A FINE ART CRITICISM.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in noticing a specimen of the fine arts exhibited in a picture dealer's window, says:

"The foreground is a pea-green rock, half-bedded in red water, with three blue men in the centre, standing in a small claret-colored open boat, looking at a pumpkin and milk-colored steamboat in the distance."

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
A good fat office ever yet resigned;
Left the snug precincts where he got his pay,
Nor cast one thought and several—hard words behind?

☞ Only great minds can bear greatness, it makes small ones giddy.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OPINION ON SECESSION.

Attorney General Black, in reply to a note from President Buchanan, gives his ideas as to Secession, in a legal point of view. We make the following extracts upon a point—the collection of duties—much mooted of late. The Attorney General says:—

"The law requires that all goods imported into the United States within certain collection districts shall be entered at the proper port, and the duty thereof shall be received by the collector appointed for and residing at that port. But the functions of the collector may be exercised anywhere at or within the port. There is no law which confines him to the custom house, or to any other particular spot. If the custom house were burnt down, he might remove to another building; if he were driven from the shore, he might go on board a vessel in the harbor. If he keeps within the port, he is within the law. A port is a place to which merchandise is imported, and from whence it is exported. It is created by law. It is not merely a harbor or haven, for it may be established where there is nothing but an open roadstead, or on the shore of a navigable river, or at any other place where vessels may arrive and discharge or take in their cargoes. It comprehends the city or town which is occupied by the mariners, merchants, and others who are engaged in the business of importing and exporting goods, navigating the ships, and furnishing them with provisions. It includes, also, so much of the water adjacent to the city as is usually occupied by vessels discharging or receiving their cargoes, or lying at anchor and waiting for that purpose.

"The first section of the Act of March 2, 1833, authorized the President, in a certain contingency, to direct that the custom house for any collection district be established and kept *in any secure place within some port or harbor of such district*, either upon land or on board any vessel. But this provision was temporary, and expired at the end of the session of Congress next afterwards. It conferred upon the Executive a right to remove the site of the custom house, not merely to any secure place within the legally established port of entry for the district—that right he had before—but it widened his authority so as to allow the removal of it to any *port or harbor* within the whole district. The enactment of that law and the limitation of it to a certain period of time now past, is not, therefore, an argument against the opinion above expressed, that you can now, if necessary, order the duties to be collected on board a vessel inside of any established port of entry. Whether the first and fifth sections of the Act of 1833, both of which were made temporary by the eighth section, should be re-enacted, is a question for the legislative department.

"Your right to take such measures as may seem to be necessary for the protection of the public property, is very clear. It results from the proprietary rights of the Government as owner of the forts, arsenals, magazines, dock-yards, navy-yards, custom houses, publicships, and other property which the United States have bought, built, and paid for. Besides, the Government of the United States is authorized by the Constitution (Art. 1, Sec. 8,) to 'exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever * * over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State *in which the same shall be for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and* other needful buildings.' It is believed that no important public building has been bought or erected on ground where the Legislature of the State in which it is, has not passed a law consenting to the purchase of it and ceding the exclusive jurisdiction. This Government, then, is not only the owner of those buildings and grounds, but, by virtue of the supreme and paramount law, it regulates the action and punishes the offences of all who are within them. If any one of an owner's rights is plainer than another, it is that of keeping exclusive possession and repelling intrusion. The right of defending the public property includes also the right of recapture after it has been unlawfully taken by another. President Jefferson held the opinion, and acted upon it, that he could order a military force to take possession of any land to which the United States had title, though they had never occupied it before, though a private party claimed and held it, and though it was not then needed nor proposed to be used for any purpose connected with the operations of the Government. This may have been a stretch of Executive power; but the right of retaking public property, in which the Government has been carrying on its lawful business, and from which its officers have been unlawfully thrust out, cannot well be doubted; and when it was exercised at Harper's Ferry, in October, 1859, every one acknowledged the legal justice of it."

In regard to the right and expediency of coercing a seceding State, Judge Black takes the same ground as the President in his Message. He denies the right of coercion, and thinks that the employment of force must of itself practically result in disunion.

WRIT OF MANDAMUS AGAINST THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.—Louisville, Dec. 11.—Governor Magoffin has ordered a motion in the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus against Governor Dennison, of Ohio, growing out of the latter's refusal to surrender a fugitive upon the requisition of the Executive of Kentucky. If the motion fails, other steps will be immediately taken. The following is given as an explanation of the case. The Statesman says:

"Some time ago, a man named Lago, was indicted in the Woodford Circuit Court for enticing a slave to escape from his owner. Lago escaped, and took refuge in Ohio. Governor Magoffin made a requisition upon Governor Dennison, of Ohio, for the return of the fugitive from justice. Governor Dennison refused to issue his warrant for the arrest and surrender of Lago, upon the ground that, by the laws of Ohio, negroes are not property, and that he did not recognize the act committed by Lago as an offence."

SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE.—The Marlboro' (Maine) Mirror says: "We have been shown apples and blossoms from the farm of Joseph Benson, Hollis, Me. It seems that the tree has blossomed *five* times during the past season. The first crop of apples was very large, the second somewhat smaller, yet eatable. These two crops were gathered previous to the first of October. Since then, the tree has blossomed three times, setting fruit twice. Crop number three measures two and a-half inches in circumference, and crop number four quite small, while the fifth are only perfect blossoms. The tree has once lost all its leaves, and at the time of writing, it is covered with green foliage, looking much as it did in June."

AT PARIS, recently, Mlle. Cico, the piquant actress of the Palais Royal, was to be a witness in favor of some cosmetic used by ladies, and as French courts invariably ask the age of witnesses, all the youngest actresses of Paris were there, and they reckoned upon a good deal of merriment and profit when Mlle. Cico came to disclose her years. She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession. When the judge said, "How old are you?" she quitted the stand, went up to the bench, stood on tip-toe, and *whispered* in the judge's ear the malicious fact! The bench smiled, and kept her secret.

AGRICULTURE IN EUROPE.

PARIS, Nov. 18, 1860.

In making an agricultural tour in France, Austria, Prussia, and Belgium, the first impression on the mind of an American farmer is, that the entire of this vast country is divided into long and narrow garden strips, of not exceeding five acres or thereabouts. We say garden strips, because, literally, the land is tilled exactly as the vegetable gardens in the neck of Philadelphia. More power is put to the plough, and it runs greatly deeper than with us. Then, besides the harrow, clod crushing is a marked operation. Not only by machinery, but by hand. You will see a dozen women, mostly, with wooden mallets, go minutely over the ground, and finely pulverize every lump on its surface ere the seed is sown for any crops. The result of this preparation is seen distinctly in the standing grain, which seems to leave no room for an additional blade of straw. Weeds are not seen. Cows are harnessed to work in the field; and no cattle are allowed to roam at large over pastures, wasting under tread three times what they eat. There are no fences in all this vast country, except sometimes along the road and occasionally in exceptional cases; and no headlands are wasted. This is a great national saving, equal to a fair valuation of the entire land itself. It may be a thing worthy of consideration for the farmers of many of our States, whether this economic system is not practicable with them, at least, to some profitable extent.

Women take their place with men at every work. They mow, pitch hay, spread manure, and load it from the barn yards. They trundle wheelbarrows, work at making roads and canals, and do the chief part of cleaning the streets of cities. You will see them mixed with men, digging cellars and excavating for water pipes, breaking stone, shovelling mud into carts, &c.

Children of both sexes are put early to work together, at labor too severe for their youth, as we should judge.

This want of distinction between the sexes produces a manifest disregard of all delicacy. The women do not retire, when we should consider it shameful to expose themselves. The consequence is that they are rough and tough, ablebodied laborers, with only anatomical differences to distinguish them from the men.

Agricultural machinery has not yet come into use in this vast territory of one hundred millions of people. Moreover, their every day tools are as primitive as we may suppose they were in the times of Tubal Cain. Such picks, shovels, hoes, rakes, scythes, axes, and the like, would make a laughable exhibition in any American museum, if labelled as antiquities. Every tool is patched and tinkered, from father to son, to save the cost of a new one. Even a hoe-handle will be used when worn down to eighteen inches or less, and the poor women, to whom that implement is almost exclusively resigned, may be seen in rows, nearly doubled up at their work, from morning to night.

The peasantry of these European countries work earlier and later than ours, and they live on soups, black bread, and other cheap food. Their clothing is of material that lasts a lifetime nearly. Their shoes, for instance, are made of wood, some having coarse leather uppers. There is in these wooden soles a healthful prescription, which may be earnestly recommended to all agriculturists.

Farmers do not live, as with us, separated every one on his own land. The style here is very different, and has many social advantages. They live in villages. Very few have their farms in a body, but in stripe of a few acres, in whatever direction circumstances may lead to the purchase. Close attention is paid to rotation in crops, to interchange of seed between distant growers, and to fallow resting of their land at appropriate seasons. Lime is almost universally cheap and convenient.

All roads are finely macadamized, of the easiest grades, and never allowed to show any traces of neglect. One horse does twice the work of ours.

The effect of living in villages instead of each man on his farm, is to deprive the landscape of the charms which are lent to it by cottages, farm buildings, clumps of ornamental trees, or orchards, and the curling smoke of chimney tops. The whole country is almost bare of these. You will not expect to find close worked farmers, whose wives and daughters are kept at field toils, planting ornamental trees on the land they own but do not live upon. Trees are planted but for timber; and these are seen in long stripe of land, a few acres here and there, and always like our corn, in straight rows.

The European peasant drinks no rum. His luxury is confined to tobacco, of which he is an incessant smoker. This he raises himself. Wine is always raised for the consumption of the district. But this is not a luxury, as the term should be understood. It is the regular beverage instead of coffee for breakfast. It is indispensable at dinner; and beer of home-make is swilled copiously between whiles, keeping the brain stupefied into submission to all sorts of government oppression, in Austria especially.

We have been thus particular, not only to give our farmers an insight into the modes of life and the difference of cultivation in Europe, but to prepare them for a change which is about to be felt in America as regards the markets of Europe, upon which alone we at present rely for all the profit derived from sales of wheat. This would have been felt sensibly in the present year, but for the unusual accident of a failure of the crops almost universal here.

It is only recently that the interior States of Europe have finished the great lines of railway communication, which enables every man's grain to reach a port of shipment. Hitherto, grain raising has not presented inducements for making it the leading crop of the farmer over a day's journey from the Danube, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the great markets of the ports of shipment. These people are not like Americans. They do not readily see an advantage, nor easily make changes. But, now, the time has come when it is evident to the eye of the traveller, that wheat is noticably the crop upon which the agriculturist is placing his main reliance. Every facility is offered by railway companies to forward this movement.

Should, therefore, next year, the season be favorable, we may expect to find that Europe will find full supplies within herself, at rates that would not afford us a profit, after payment of the heavy transit between New York and the far-off grain growers of the great West.

We simply ask attention to this matter as one worthy of earnest consideration.—ANTHRAX, *in Phila. Ledger.*

KANSAS.—The troops on arriving at Mound City, found neither Montgomery nor entrenchments.

Gen. Frost had determined to station three companies of cavalry and a battery of artillery at two points opposite Bourbon and Linn counties, Kansas, to protect the border, and the rest of the brigade were to start home.

Attempts were made to arrest Jamison, but neither he nor Montgomery could be found.

The inhabitants of Mound City and vicinity were much excited, fearing harsh treatment from the Federal authorities.

☞ Spendthrifts economise in what they give, the charitable in what they spend.

POLITICAL NEWS.

CALIFORNIA.—The full election returns have been received from every county in the State, showing the total vote to be 119,507, thus divided:

For Lincoln,	38,702
Douglas,	38,080
Breckinridge,	34,041
Bell,	8,794

Notwithstanding this heavy vote, it is stated that the new census gives the State only about 400,000 population, showing conclusively that the census agents have not faithfully performed their work.

MASSACHUSETTS.—At the election for Mayor of Boston, on the 10th, M. Wightman, Democrat and Unionist, was elected. The Unionists have also a large majority in Councils. The following is the vote:—

Mr. Wightman,	6,768
Mr. Kimball,	5,681

At Manchester, on the 11th, D. A. Benton (Rep.) was elected Mayor.

NEBRASKA.—At Omaha, on the 10th, the House passed a bill to prohibit slavery in the Territory, there being but two dissenting voices.

Bills to incorporate the Missouri and Western and Pacific Telegraph Companies have been introduced, and will doubtless become laws.

UNION MEETING.

A large Union meeting was held in Philadelphia on the 13th. It was opened with prayer by Bishop Potter. Mayor Henry presided, assisted by a large number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries, the names comprising a large number of wealthy and influential citizens.

Resolutions were adopted, proclaiming attachment and reverence to the Constitution; love for the Union; deploring the fact that some of the States have placed upon their statute books enactments evading and defeating the provisions of the Constitution; pronouncing such acts violations of the solemn compact; appealing for their repeal; pledging that the statute books of Pennsylvania shall be carefully searched, and every statute, if there be any such, invading the constitutional rights of sister States, to be at once repealed; recognizing the obligations of the Fugitive Slave law; recommending the passage of a State law recompensing the owners of rescued slaves; submitting to the decisions of the Supreme Court as to the rights of slaveowners in the Territories, and recommending that the disputed questions be forthwith submitted to the said Court; approving of the suggestion of a Convention of Delegates from the States contemplating secession to suggest remedies, with firm convictions that the propositions of such Convention will be received by other States in a fraternal and conciliatory spirit; appealing to their brethren in the States contemplating secession, reminding them of the innumerable ties which bind us together as one people. The resolutions also condemn the denunciation of slavery as it exists in the United States.

CONGRESS.—The proceedings of Congress are as usual so voluminous that we despair of condensing them, except so far as to give results. A bill to raise $10,000,000 for the Treasury has passed, and a multitude of plans to settle existing difficulties been referred to the Committee of 33.

The said Committee of 33 has passed the following, on motion of Mr. Rust, of Arkansas:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Committee the existing discontents among the Southern people, and the growing hostility among them to the Federal Government are greatly to be regretted; and that whether such discontents and hostility are without just cause or not, any reasonable, proper and Constitutional remedies and effectual guarantees of their peculiar interests, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to preserve the peace of the country and the perpetuity of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted.

Yeas—Messrs. Corwin, Millson, Winslow, Campbell, Love, Davis of Maryland, Stratton, Bristow, Nelson, Dunn, Taylor, Kellogg, Phelps, Houston, Rust, Howard, Hamilton, Curtis, Burch, Windham, and Scott—22.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Ferry, Humphrey, Robinson, Tappan, Morrill, Morse, and Washburn—8.

Mr. Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, declined to vote.

Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, was absent.

☞ Washington Irving chanced to be caught one day in a thunder-storm with a rustic neighbor, who refused to join him under the shelter of a tree, and gave it as a reason that his father was killed by lightning. "Ah," said Irving, "it runs in the family, then?"

☞ Punishment is one thing, torture is another. Punishment cannot, at present, be entirely dispensed with; torture is always an abomination, never necessary, never justifiable. Punishment is not degrading, though the offence that merits it is so in all cases.—Torture spoils and corrupts both him who inflicts it and him who suffers it; it hardens the heart, and drives in the moral disease it was designed to extirpate; or else it crushes a man's soul out and makes him a cowering slave forever.

☞ According to a calculation which has appeared in the Mechanics' Magazine, our Armstrong guns, of which we possess 451, have cost the country no less than £2,000 apiece. 'Truly the Armstrong gun is a tremendous weapon. We ought to be able to knock *La Gloire* into atoms with our two-thousand-pounders.—*London Punch.*

☞ "What do you ask for that 'ere horse?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Give you twenty-five."

"Take him along—it shan't be said that I spoiled a good horse trade for a hundred dollars."

☞ MARRIED LIFE.—A newly married pair are like two travellers in an unknown country, fresh views of each other's dispositions are opening out before them every day, some beautiful, some unsightly, and mostly unexpected. A breeze occasionally springs up, which may either enliven the journey by clearing the atmosphere, or damp the ardor of the excursionists by ending in a thunder-storm.

☞ CAREFUL OLD LADY.—"I'll put this bit of smoked glass away, my dear, for it'll come in useful when there's another eclipse!"

☞ When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1551 head. Prices ranging from $6 to 9 ₱ cwt; a few prime sold at $10. 145 Cows sold at from $35 to 50, according to quality. Sheep—4300 head being sold at from 4 to 5c ₱ lb, gross weight, and 9@10c dressed. Hogs—3061 head, of which 2416 were sold at prices averaging from $7 to 7,75 ₱ cwt.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues devoid of activity; sales reaching some 6000 bbls, part for shipment, taken in small lots, at $4,75@5 for superfine; $5@5,50 for extra and extra family, and $5,75@6,25 for fancy lots, according to brand and quality; fancy brand at $6,50@6,75 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are but little inquired for, and the former selling in a small way at $3,62½@3,75 ₱ bbl. Of the latter we hear of no sales, Pa Meal being offered at $3 ₱ bbl, which is a decline.

GRAIN.—There is very little demand for Wheat. Some 20,000 bus have been disposed of at 115@123c for common to good and prime Western and Pa reds; 120@125c for Southern do, and 127@135c for white of good and prime quality, the latter for Ky. Rye is steady, and about 2000 bus Pa sold in lots on arrival at 75@76c. Corn is dull and rather lower, with sales of 25,000 bus yellow to note at 64@65c for prime old Southern, and 59@60c for new, as to dryness, chiefly at 55@56c afloat; the closing sales were at 64@65c for prime old southern yellow afloat. Oats are also rather lower, and about 25,000 bus sold at 30@32c for fair to good Southern, and 33@34c for Pa, the latter for very prime lots. Of Barley and Malt, the sales have been limited to some 3000 bus of the former, taken in the early part of the week at 75c for prime New York State.

PROVISIONS.—There is little or no demand for barreled Meats, and a small business only to note at $16½@17 for Mess Pork, and $13@14 ₱ bbl for city Mess Beef. Dressed Hogs are dull, and quoted at $6@6½ the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off as wanted, partly to go South, at about 10½c for Sides and 8½c for Shoulders. Hams are selling in a small way at 12@13c for plain and fancy cured. Of Green Meats we hear of no sales to establish quotations. Lard is held at 10½@10½c for tcs bbls, and very little selling; 500 kegs sold on terms kept private. Butter is dull and drooping, roll selling at 15@16c; packed is quoted at 9@10c ₱ lb, but there is little or no demand for the latter. Cheese continues steady at 10½@11c ₱ lb for prime. Eggs are lower, and sales are reported at 16@17 ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The week's sales reach about 600 bales, mostly Uplands, within the range of 6@12½c, cash and 4 mos.

BARK.—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron are light, and the market steady, with further small sales at $28 for 1st No 1. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark worthy of notice.

BEESWAX.—We hear of no sales, and quote good yellow at 31@32c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The market is without any new feature, and a moderate business doing for the season.

COFFEE.—The market has been quiet and the sales mostly in a small way at about previous rates, including some 1500 bags at 12½@13½c for Rio, and 13½@14c for Laguayra, on time, chiefly of the former description.

COPPER continues dull, with little or nothing doing in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 47@50c, as to lots.

FRUIT.—Sales of small lots at 3½@4c for Dried Apples; 6@8c for unpared Peaches; and 10@12c ₱ lb for pared do. Green Apples move off slowly at $1@2; and Cranberries $5@10 ₱ bbl, as to quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The demand is very small at 30@35c for new crop Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for this staple is almost at a stand still, and we have only to note a few small sales of Anthracite from store at about $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time. A sale of 400 tons old Railroad Bars was made on terms kept private.

LEAD.—The market is unsettled and lower, but buyers not disposed to operate.

LUMBER continues dull, the active season being over. White Pine Boards more off slowly at $14@17, and Yellow Sap at $12@13 ₱ M.—*Laths are generally held above the views of buyers.*

MOLASSES continues dull and unsettled; some small sales of new crop New Orleans, some 700 bbls in all, are reported at 32@34c ₱ gallon, usual terms.

PLASTER.—There is little or none offering or selling, and prices are merely nominal.

RICE.—The stock is light and the sales moderate, *including about 100 casks at 5½@6c ₱ lb,* usual terms.

SEEDS.—The market for Cloverseed has been dull and unsettled, the demand has fallen off, and prices have declined materially, some 300 bus only found buyers at $5@5,50 ₱ bus, closing nearly nominal at $5@5,25 ₱ bus. Timothy and Flaxseed are also very dull at $2,50 for the former, and $1,50@1,55 ₱ bus for the latter.

SPIRITS.—The demand for foreign continues limited, and prices about the same. N E Rum is also steady at 33@34c. Whiskey has further declined, with large sales of bbls to note at 17½@18c, mostly at 18c for Ohio, 17@18c for Drudge, and 17½@18½c for hhds, the market closing firmer.

SUGAR.—The market continues unsettled and drooping, with but little disposition to operate, and a few small sales, mostly Cuba, are reported at 5@6c, on time. New crop New Orleans is beginning to arrive. Small sales are reported at 6½@6¾c, on time.

TALLOW is unsettled and lower, with sales of 200 casks to note, part at 9½@10c, and part at a lower figure.

TOBACCO is without any material variation, but very quiet, and a small business only to note in Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL.—Buyers are not disposed to operate, and the market continues very dull, a few small lots only having been disposed of at about previous rates.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 15.—FLOUR firm; sales of 5600 bbls at $4,55@4,65 for State, $4@5,30 for Ohio, and $4,75@5,10 for Southern. Wheat steady and holders demand an advance. Corn firm with a scarce supply; the quotations are nominal at 64@65c. Lard firm at 9½@10½c. Whiskey firm at 19c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	102	103
" " '61	102	—
" " '60	103	—
" " coupon '74 to '81	—	—
" " '60	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
Ad'l'y City 6 pr ct, New	—	—
" " Old	—	—
Penn 5 pr ct,	93½	97
" " '61	98	99
Texas 6 "	—	—
" 5 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1860	—	—
S Carolina 6 pr ct,	—	100
Virginia "	91	93½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'l Nav 6 pr ct		
loan, '62	63	64½
imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	8½
preferred	16	—
Lehigh Nav stock	45	47
mort 6 pr ct	101	101
scrip	30	34
Morris Consol'd	50	54
preferred	100	—
Ches & Del	85	—
bonds	—	85
Union	—	—
bonds	10	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater		
bonds, 1874	—	97
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	105
2nd "	—	96
stock	55	55½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	99	99½
stock	175	176
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	88	89
mort 6's '44	—	93½
" '51	67	68
stock	64	65½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	31½	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	100	—
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	93
2nd "	17	19½
stock	1	3
Catawissa	—	41
Beaver Meadow stock	36½	38
preferred 10 pr ct	20	—
North Penn'a R R stock	7½	8½
6 pr ct loan	60	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	46	47
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Erie R R stock	—	17
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	76½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, December 15, 1860.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	par.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to 1 dis.	New Hampshire	par
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	10 dis.	New York City	1 prem.
Georgia	10 dis.	New York State	par
Illinois	10 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	2 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	2 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	par
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	10 dis.
Maine	par	Tennessee	5 dis.
Maryland	3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	par	Vermont	par
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	5 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

EXTRAORDINARY DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

The Holmes County (Ohio) Farmer tells this story of a curious elopement and its consequences:

"On Tuesday of last week, while standing on the platform of the depot building at Crestline, waiting for the train to start eastward, we saw a train arrive from the East.—The first persons we recognized getting from the train, were W. K. Scott and the wife of Levi L. Johnson, of Marlboro', Stark county. They readily recognized us, came up to where we were, and after the usual salutations, inquired when a train would leave for Bellefontaine. At this moment, Mr. Johnson and the wife of Scott also unexpectedly made their appearance. The women instantly recognized each other, and without uttering a word, 'pitched into' one of the liveliest free fights we have ever been called upon to witness. The way the ribbons, bonnets, collars and fancy fixings flew was refreshing to milliners and mantuamakers. This excited Scott and Johnson, and they were so sorely grieved at each other for running away with their respective wives, that they went into pugilistic exercise with a hearty good will.

"A great many persons were gathered around, but no one caring much which of the parties whipped, they encouraged the fight and laughed at the sport. While the fights were progressing, constable Smith stopped the fighting, and took the parties before the Mayor, and his Honor fined each of them $5 and costs for breaking the peace.

"Scott and Mrs. Johnson, who have for some time been suspected of being guilty of intrigues, had planned an elopement, and Johnson had also planned an elopement, to be carried out on the same day with the other parties. Both guilty couples had clandestinely slipped off from Marlboro' on the same day; one party took the cars at Alliance, and the other got on the same train, though in a different car, at Louisville Station. Neither party suspected the other until they met at Crestline, when the feelings they enjoyed may be imagined, but cannot be described on paper.

"After paying their fines, which satisfied them that fighting was an unprofitable way of settling the difficulty, they indulged in the application of a goodly number of hard words and names to each other, and finally separated; Scott and Mrs. Johnson taking the B. and L. Railroad, and Johnson and Mrs. Scott the P., Ft. W. and C. Railroad. Since then nothing has been heard of their journeyings."

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.—The President, in his Message, recommends an amendment of the Constitution. The modes of doing this, as prescribed by the Constitution itself, are two:

1st. Congress, by a two-third vote, may propose an amendment. It must then be ratified by three-fourths of the States, either through their Legislature or State Convention, as Congress may prescribe.

2d. Two-thirds of the Legislatures of the States may require Congress to call a National Convention to propose amendments. The amendments proposed by the Convention must then be ratified by three-fourths of the States, as in the other case.

To initiate an amendment, therefore, it is virtually necessary to have the consent of twenty-two States, and to perfect it requires the assent of twenty-five.

LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE.—The Senate has passed the Convention Bill, after an opposition speech from Randall Hunt. *West Adams, of Mississippi, was introduced at a joint session, and made a speech announcing the action of Mississippi, and asking the co-operation of Louisiana.* He was cordially received, the hall being crowded.

The bill to appoint Commissioners to the sister Slave States created much discussion, and was lost.

A resolution requesting the Governor to communicate to the Governors of the other Southern States, on the condition of the country, was adopted.

Both Houses adjourned sine die on the 12th.

BOUND FOR A LONG VOYAGE.—Among the freight lying recently at the Reading Railroad depot, was a package destined for a long voyage. It was a single huge box, containing seven hundred pounds of butter. The butter was furnished by a farmer on the line of the Catawissa Railroad. It was ordered expressly by our Minister to Constantinople, to which port it was despatched. Whether the appreciative gentleman intends the entire batch for his own table is more than we can say. The butter, we learned, is packed into cans, from which the air had been exhausted, and is expected to keep in a perfectly fresh condition for many months.—*Phila. North American.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Nov., 1860, at the residence of Mr. S. M. Crump, of Arkansas, by the Rev. W. J. Scott, Mr. R. G. MILLER, of Desoto county, Mo. to Miss SARAH W. JANSEN, of Louisville, Ky.

On Tuesday evening, 11th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., THOMAS CHALMERS, Jr. of New York city, to ISABELLA BEAD, daughter of Thos. Silver, of this city.

On Wednesday, Dec. 12th, by the Rev. S. Morlin, ALLEN MITCHELL, to MYRTILLA E. HART, daughter of Mr. A. Hart, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. LEWIS H. BECK, to Miss HENRIETTA GETTER, both of this city.

On the 11th of Dec. by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. JOSEPH ALLEN, to Miss EMELINE WEISMER, daughter of Mr. Jehiel Weismer, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Matlack, EDWARD PAGE, to ANNA MATILDA BENN, both of this city.

On the 10th of Dec. 1860, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN BOWERS, to Miss MARY E. PRATT, both of this city.

On the 6th of Dec. 1860, by the Rev. Joseph D. Newlin, JOHN CRAIG, to CATHARINE H. daughter of the late John S. Newlin.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, Mr. WILLIAM H. PEAL, son of Eliza and the late James Peal, in his 32d year.

On Friday, the 7th instant, JOHN ALLEN, in his 58th year.

On the 10th instant, AMANDA F. daughter of J. Fress, in her 14th year.

Suddenly, on the morning of Dec. 6th, at Perry Cabin, near St. Michael's, Md., SUSAN NEEDLES, daughter of the late Jos. A. and Deborah H. Needles, in her 34th year.

On the 9th instant, AMBROSE PAGE, in his 53d year.

On the 7th instant, EZEKIEL PARKER, in his 59th year.

On the 11th instant, SARAH REESE, aged 26.

On Tuesday, 11th instant, JACOB REIFF, in his 29th year.

On the 11th instant, ANN JANE RICE, in her 35th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SUSAN GORDON, in her 74th year.

On the 10th instant, AGNES JOHNSTON, aged 33 years.

On the 9th instant, MARGARET KURTZ, aged 90 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 112 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED NOISELESS
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Is simple in construction, easily learned, and with proper management never gets out of order.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Hems, Fells, Gathers and Stitches and Fastens its own Seams, thereby saving time and thread.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Sews equally well on all Fabrics, from the finest Swiss Muslin to the heaviest cloth or leather.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Sews from original Spools, without rewinding, and forms a seam unsurpassed for beauty, elasticity and strength.

THE GROVER & BAKER STITCH
Is the Double Lock Stitch which forms a seam that will not rip, even if every fourth stitch is cut. It is the only stitch that survives the washing-tub on bias seams.

PRINCIPAL SALES-ROOMS.
495 Broadway, New York.
18 Summer St., Boston.
181 Baltimore St., Baltimore.
730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
58 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
124 North Fourth St., St. Louis.
171 Superior St., Cleveland.
115 Lake St., Chicago.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
nov24-9t

TO MERCHANTS.—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Drugs, Stationery, &c., in Town and Country, are invited to send their cards to **Box 166, P. O.,** *Philadelphia,* and they will be advised, early in January, of a new arrangement, offering very great advantages to them. Intelligent merchants will appreciate it in view of the times.

☞ ALSO, A FEW CLERKS, especially in important towns. Address as above and particulars will be given in due time. dec22-3t

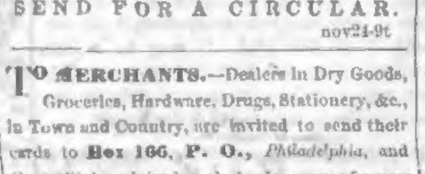
CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY.—E. G. WHITMAN & Co. have now in store, and are daily manufacturing as fine a stock and as large an assortment of Candies, Sugar Plums, Bonbons, &c., as was ever offered to the American public. Their store, Second street, one door below Chestnut street, is now the centre of attraction. dec15-3t

SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns of *Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c.* The above articles made for our own sales, are warranted *equal to coin*, and sold at the lowest prices.
CASSIDY & BALL,
No. 12 South Second St.,
dec 15-tf 5th door below Market (West side.)

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf



This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oct6-1y 376 Chesnut St., Philada.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY? It can be made by selling BOOKS. I offer extra inducements to persons wishing to engage in the business. Send for my Catalogue of Books for Agents' sales exclusively, with terms, &c.,
address FREDERICK W. PRINCE,
dec22-3t 25 Park Row, New York.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.
They Impart Strength; they Annihilate Pain.

PARK'S Patent POROUS PRICKLY PLASTERS Are Sold By all Dealers From 1 to 2½ Dimes.

THESE DELIGHTFUL PLASTERS yield readily to the motion of the body, absorb perspiration and throw off all the offensive coagulated impurities of the system. They should be used for all Chronic Pains, Faintness, Dyspepsia, Colds, Consumption, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, etc. They retain their active properties when other Plasters are useless, and *where applied pain cannot exist.* Every family should have them. One size on cloth, three sizes on leather. Samples sent by mail, on receipt of 25 cents.
D. S. BARNES & CO.,
oct27-3m 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

A FINE BEARD OR LUXURIANT MUSTACHE can be had in six weeks by using my ONGUENT, (established 1852.) It will not stain or injure the skin. Price $1. Sent postage free to any part of the country, or can be had of most dealers. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York.

GOLD!—Full instructions how to win the love of the opposite sex—rich or poor, young or old. Full instructions in the art of Ventriloquism, Mesmerism, Spirit Rappings, and 200 secrets that you must keep as long as you live. To make your eternal fortune, send $1 and get this book, (postage paid.) Address
J. F. JAGGERS, Box 888, Calhoun, Ill.

DROPSY CURED, (EVEN THE WORST CASES.)—An old Physician, too infirm to practice longer, considers it his duty to make known this wonderful cure. He will send full prescription, with instructions to all afflicted, (free of charge). Address PHYSICIAN,
No. 85 Grand St., New York.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED

TO CANVASS FOR

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS,

WHICH ARE SOLD

EXCLUSIVELY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

These Works include the most *Saleable Books Published, and Agents now in our employ are making from* $50 to $100 per month.

We give our Agents the EXCLUSIVE CONTROL of any ground they may agree to canvass. For full particulars and Catalogue of Books, address

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
No. 48 North Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—We have just published an Edition of

FAMILY QUARTO BIBLES,

In a New and Beautiful Style of Binding, gotten up expressly for Agents and Canvassers. dec8-4t

GREAT BARGAINS.

LADIES' FURS,

The Best, the Cheapest and Largest Assortment in the City.

UNDER THE CONTINENTAL.

Our facilities enable us to sell at the lowest prices. Politeness and fair dealing strictly observed.

CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Nos. 826 and 828 Chestnut Street.
No connection with any other house.
dec 15-4t

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—AGENTS WANTED, to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent *free*, by addressing, with stamp for return postage, L. L. TODD & CO.,
nov3-3t Lowell, Mass.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET
THE BEST, CHEAPEST, AND MOST POPULAR

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

The Leading and Largest Circulated, as it is conceded to be the best and most useful AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER of the Age, will enter upon Vol. XII. in January, 1861, when it will be MATERIALLY ENLARGED and otherwise improved.

What the Rural New-Yorker is.

THE RURAL is the most popular AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL authority of the day, and combines such an amount and variety of Reading for the Family Circle that it has become a favorite in both Town and Country.

THE RURAL is a National, aye, Continental "institution;" being taken, read and admired throughout the American Union, British Provinces, &c., because it seeks to promote the *Best Interests* and *Home Happiness* of all classes.

THE RURAL is pronounced, by both Press and People, the *best combined Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper published*—and highly esteemed by tens of thousands for its independence and sterling merit.

THE RURAL is an advocate of Industry, Skill, Progress, Improvement, Morality, Education and whatever tends to advance and ennoble Humanity—a journal expressly intended for the Firesides of a Progressive People.

THE RURAL is superior in Style, Illustrations, &c.—employs the best Talent—and is taken by hosts of leading Farmers, Horticulturists, Mechanics, Merchants, &c., in Country, Village and City, from Canada to California.

THE RURAL is *the Cheapest Journal of its Size and Class in Christendom*—the lowest club rate barely covering the heavy expenses. Its publication involving a larger outlay than any of its cotemporaries.

THE RURAL is—finally and summarily—THE PEOPLE'S HOME WEEKLY; its various departments rendering it altogether the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER extant.

VOLUME XII., FOR 1861,

Will be superior in Size, Style and Contents to either of its predecessors—with New Type and other Improvements. The enlarged RURAL will contain about *one-sixth more reading*, and commence with a New Serial by T. S. Arthur, Esq., in his best style. Its Motto "*Excelsior*," and Objects, "*Progress and Improvement*," will be manifested in both Matter and Manner, rendering it worthy a largely increased National Circulation.

☞ Next to your local paper, the RURAL NEW-YORKER is the one for your money,—it pays good dividends.

FORM, STYLE AND TERMS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER comprises Eight Double Quarto Pages, (40 columns). An Index, Title Page, &c., given at the close of each Volume, complete for binding.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:—$2 a Year; 3 copies for $5; 6 for $10; 10 for $15; 20 for $25. ☞ NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE AND FORM CLUBS. The most liberal inducements to Club Agents—the best yet offered. Specimen Numbers, Show-Bills, Inducements, &c., *sent free to all applicants.* Address D. D. T. MOORE,
1t Rochester, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGE.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own: thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying, "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrolype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hill 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you 'elp me of an 'eadachet". "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

Bridget.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'll be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've said it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the cause is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention when ever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, *as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.*

A Real Blessing.

Physician.—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones.—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician.—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones.—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing.*

FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE SICK HEADACHE!
CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!
CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have the signature of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.
nov17-1y

R. DOLLARD,
619 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED—An agent in every county, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my publications, sent on application. Address
DUANE BULISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
oct27-tf

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS,
aug13-tf Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

TEACHERS and EMPLOYERS of TEACHERS should have the Prospectus of "AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE." Apply, with stamp, to SMITH, WOODMAN & CO.,
nov17-4t 609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

☞ PARENTS AND GUARDIANS ☜
Who wish their Sons, Daughters, or Wards in a good Institution, located in a healthy region, should send for a Prospectus of Coatesville Seminary. Sent free, on application to
JAMES E. GIFFIN, A. M., Principal,
nov24-5t Coatesville, Chester Co., Pa.

☞ Will not the readers of the Post read what follows about the Farmer's Family Paper, and then send for a copy?

THE OHIO FARMER.
VOL. X.—1861.

If any man wishes to farm well, or keep the best stock, or do anything in the Agricultural line as it should be done, let him read the many and able original contributions to that large **Weekly** paper,

THE OHIO FARMER.

If anybody asks you what is the best stock—**Horses, Cows, Sheep, Swine, Poultry,** &c.—and would like to know where to procure them, direct them, as the shortest and best way, to

THE OHIO FARMER.

If you wish to keep posted in reference to the **Latest Improvements** in all kinds of **Agricultural Implements,** and where you can buy the cheapest and best—for the best things are always the cheapest—take

THE OHIO FARMER.

If any one is desirous of beginning in **Fruit,** or **Vegetable,** or **Bee Culture,** and wishes to know how to begin, and where to procure the best kinds, take, for one year,

THE OHIO FARMER.

If anybody wishes to get a **Volume of good Poetry and Stories** every year, and that well printed, and on clean white paper, let him subscribe for

THE OHIO FARMER.

If any ambitious housewife wishes to do the best **Baking** and **Cooking** that can be done, and her husband wishes to have it done—if she wants a **Good Cook Book every Year,** and a new edition annually, let her husband subscribe for

THE OHIO FARMER.

If you want the **Fashions,** as good as you can get them from Godey, or le Bon Ton—and especially if you wish to know what is becoming in the **Country** as well as the City, get

THE OHIO FARMER.

If you know any family that loves good reading, and particularly good stories for children, or wise and weighty proverbs for adults—each year there is a **Volume of those Good Things in our Paper,** and they can all be had by subscribing for

THE OHIO FARMER.

Last, but not least, if anybody wishes to have

One Volume of Poems,
One Volume on Domestic Economy,
One Volume of Household Stories,
One Volume of Fashions,
One Volume of Sunday Reading,
Two Volumes on Bee Culture,
Two Volumes on Flowers,
Three Volumes on Stock,
Four Volumes on Farming and Gardening Generally,
One Volume on Injurious Insects,
One Volume on Draining.
Two Volumes of Miscellaneous Matter.

TWENTY VOLUMES per annum for **$2,00,** (**$1,50** in small Clubs,) let him subscribe at once for

THE OHIO FARMER.

If you want to get all this library of matter **for nothing,** send five names and $7,50, and you will receive the **Ohio Farmer** for one year, FREE—or if you want an **Agricultural Library,** worth from **$10** to **$25,** send from 20 to 50 subscribers at $1,50 each, and you will get it. Or, if you prefer **money,** you can get from **$25** to **$600** by working for our long established paper, everywhere known as

THE OHIO FARMER.

☞ For Sample Numbers, Prospectuses, &c., Address THOMAS BROWN,
Cleveland, Ohio.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements only ten cents a line.

TO EDITORS.

Any paper publishing the above *one time*, displayed as in copy, will receive the *Ohio Farmer* one year, free. 1t

TWO WORKS,
VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Bronchial and Skin Diseases; and Male and Female Complaints. On the Mode of Preserving Health to a Hundred Years. 360 pages, 34 engravings. Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. Stamps.

2nd. A work on Heart Disease, Palsy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Summer Diarrhœa of Children, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Costiveness, Diptheria, Sore Throats, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, and the Diseases of Elderly and Old People, with Medical Prescriptions for 9 of these diseases.—The Prescriptions alone worth $500.

Why we Grow Old and What Cures Disease?

168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. Say which Book you will have, giving Name, State, County and Post Office. nov24-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS—REDUCED PRICES.

THE WHEELER & WILSON
MANUFACTURING CO.

beg to state that, in the reduction of the prices of their Sewing Machines, the public shall have the benefit of the decisions of the United States Courts in favor of their patents. This reduction is made in the belief that they will hereafter have no litigation expenses in defence of their rights. The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines will now be sold at rates that will pay fair profits on the capital invested, cost of manufacture, and expense of making sales—such prices as will enable the Company, as heretofore, to sell first-class machines, and warrant them in every particular.

They are adapted to every want that can be supplied by a Sewing Machine, and approved alike by Families, Dress-Makers, Corset-Makers, Gaiter-Fitters, Shoe-Binders, Vest-Makers, and Tailors generally.

☞ Each Machine complete with a Hemmer.

OFFICE, NO. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. dec1-1t

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

ROCKING HORSES, Sleighs, Sleds, Carts, Cabs, Velocipedes, Coaches, Carriages, &c., for Children.—Manufactured, wholesale and retail, by
T. W. & J. A. YOST,
Store 214 Dock street above Second, Phila.
dec15-2t

100,000 FOR 1861.

☞ ELEGANT PREMIUMS TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS. ☜

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE
FOR 1861! VOLS. XVII. AND XVIII.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness

CONTENTS OF JANUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Morning Bath. (Steel Engraving.) May's Happy New Year. (Steel Engraving.) Lesson on the Flageolet. Embroidery. Evening, or Party Dress. Dinner Dress. Winter Overboot. Coral Shell Stand for Chimney-piece Ornament.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

Carrying Home the Sheaves. By Emma Passmore.
My Jewels.—By Mabel St. Clair.
Ninette Campbell's Dream. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
The Seen and the Unseen.
Nothing but Money. By T. S. Arthur. Chapters I., II. and III.
Evangeline. By Mrs. Almena C. S. Allard.
Molly Simms. By Elizabeth.
Woman. By O. S. Baker.
Blue and Gold. By J. Starr Holloway.
Invocation. By Mrs. C. Maria Landon.
Imagination. By H. R. C.
Elizabeth, Daughter of Rev. Rufus Palmer. By Virginia F. Townsend.
Our Mothers. By Mrs. Sarah Hepburn Hayes.
Res Prima! By Wm. M. Briggs.
Making the Most of Our Opportunities. By Paul Laurie.
Happy Homes.
Lay Sermons: Down in the Valley. By T. S. Arthur.
Mother's Department: Early Discipline. By M. D. R. B.—A Wayward Child. By T. S. Arthur.
Health Department: Suggestions on Health. No. IV. By Hattie Hopeful.
Boys' and Girls' Treasury: Mary's Happy New Year. By Virginia F. Townsend—Elsie James's Birthday Party. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
Hints for Housekeepers: Snow Cakes—Blowing out a Candle—Cider Cake—Indian Toast—Boiled Indian Meal Pudding—Balloon Pudding—How to Bake Squash—Different Kinds of Bread.
Toilet and Work Table: Dinner Dress—Evening Party Dress—Coral Shell Stand for Chimney-Piece Ornament—Winter Overboots.
New Publications.
Editors' Department: "As thy Day is, so shall thy Strength be." By Virginia F. Townsend—January—First Babies—A Beautiful Poem—The Lesson on the Flageolet—Go and do Likewise—Only the Good and the True abide—"He Knew the Scriptures from his Youth."

PREMIUMS.

We offer two elegant and attractive steel engravings, as premiums to *all who make up Clubs.* One of them is called "SEVENTY-SIX," and is 16 inches by 23; the other "HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES FROM HIS YOUTH," 14 inches by 20. They are first-class engravings as to execution, and will make handsome ornaments for any parlor. The publisher's price for these plates is $1,50 each.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy (and one of the premium plates)		$2.00
2 copies (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club)		3.00
3 "	(and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club)	4.00
4 "	(and one of the premium plates to getter-up of Club)	5.00
8 "	(and an extra copy of Magazine, and one premium plate to getter-up of Club)	10.00
12 "	(and an extra copy of Magazine, and both premium plates to getter-up of Club)	15.00
17 "	(and an extra copy of Magazine, and both premium plates to getter-up of Club)	20.00

☞ Three red stamps must be sent, in every case, to pay the cost of mailing each premium.

☞ *Specimen numbers sent to all who wish to subscribe, or make up clubs.*

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Godey, Harper, or Knickerbocker, $3,50 per annum.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
dec15-3t 323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BEWARE!

of the volcanic dyes that singe the hair, poison the blood, and change the color of the skin.

DR. CHILTON,

CHEMIST TO THE CROTON BOARD, the head of his profession,

HAS ANALYZED

CHRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE, and declares that

THIS MATCHLESS DYE

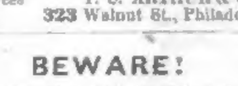
contains no particle of deleterious matter. Hair of any obnoxious color is

INSTANTLY CHANGED

to black or any shade of brown.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. CRISTADORO,
dec6-cow2t No. 6 Astor House, New York.

HOW TO DO IT!—If you wish a fine head of Hair, use **LYON'S KATHAIRON,** the best and most popular preparation ever made. Its immense sale proves its excellence. It removes all Dandruff, &c., prevents the hair from falling out, restores and preserves it, and is delightfully perfumed. Sold everywhere, for 25 cents a bottle.



nov24-3t

Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD ON "FORTS."

Every man of Intellect has got his Fort.

Daniel Webster's Fort was to speecherfy in the Hauls of Kongriss & make Dickshunaries.

Shakspeer rote good plaze but he wooden't hev bin with a pint of kold Sidar as a stennergraffic Reportir. Wood he? Hey? Ile bet 2 dollars he wooden't.

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev any public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarming extent! Where bowts can George's ekul be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or any whare else.

Old man Townsin's Fort was to malk Sassyperiller. "Goy to the wurld! another life saved!" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisement.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay sub-machine tellergraf under the boundin biller of the Ockun & then hev it Bust.

My Fort is the great moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers.—That's what's the matter with me.

Etc., etc., etc. So I mite go on to an indefinit extent.

Twict I've endeavored to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertook to lick a ondashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & crawled threw. Sez I "my jentle sir, go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whereupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knoct me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garments I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. De now rise the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolashun in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertain town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick of the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life & I thawt Ide hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthenin. Konsequents was I histed in so much I din't zactly know where bowts I was. I turned my livin wild beests of Pray looss into the street & upset my wax wurks. I then Bet I could play hoss. So I harnist myself to a Kanal bote, there bein two other hosses hitched on likewise, I behind and another ahead of me. The driver hollered for us to git and we did. But the horses being onused to such a arrangement began to kick and squeal & rare up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummuch & back & presently I fownd myself in the Kanal with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cussearorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carried to the tavern on a hemlock Board I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

Morall.—Never don't do nothin which it isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashing in round in the Kanal, figgeratively speaking.—*Vanity Fair.*

A Caution to Lawyers.—A distinguished gentleman, ex-Governor of an Atlantic State, was employed for the defence on a trial for murder. The Governor found it necessary, in the course of his speech, to comment with some severity on the testimony of a witness for the prosecution. In the midst of a most searching and logical sentence, wherein he was convincing the jury that the witness had sworn to more than the truth, he was interrupted by a juryman—a tall, lank fellow, evidently from the backwoods—who, rising, addressed the Governor: "See here, Mr. Lawyer, I don't want yer to go on that way abusing me; I won't stand it; I'll break up the court if you do; I didn't come to be abused!" "My dear sir," replied the Governor, in his politest manner, "I was alluding to the witness, not to you; my remarks were not intended to apply to any of the jurors." "Well, then," said the juror, "just quit a pinting your finger at me when you talk that way." His honor, the Judge, smiled audibly, for the first time in his life, as he sat on the bench.

Short Drama in Two Scenes.—*First Scene.*—Millionaire seated in an easy-chair. By him stands a poor man in a supplicating attitude.

Millionaire—"Ahem! Very sorry, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*Economize!*"

Poor Man—"But when a man has nothing to—"

Millionaire—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to save."

Second Scene.—The millionaire drowning in a pond, the poor man calmly regarding him from the shore.

Poor Man—"Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*Swim!*"

Millionaire—(Choking)—"Bub-bub-bub when a ma-man *can't* swim!"

Poor Man—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to swim."

A Whispering Gallery.—A correspondent recalls the fact in the "Old South Church" in Newburyport, which was built in 1756, there is a "whispering gallery," which on a recent occasion he visited. He and the young lady with whom he was to converse, placed themselves in corners diagonally opposite. After testing the accoustic effect satisfactorily, another young lady desired to be put in communication, and her desire was allowed:

"Can you hear my question?" asked her interlocutor.

"Yes," promptly responded the damsel; and she stood all expectant and ready to reply.

"How old are you?" in a pretty loud whisper.

A pause succeeded. No reply came. The gallery didn't work, and for this once, at least, if never before, it proved a failure.

THE RULING PASSION.

We have often heard of the ruling passion strong in death; and here we have a letter from a friend in Rhode Island, that gives us an example of the same principle, not in death, but in debt:

The now retired John B——, once senior partner of the respectable firm of B—— & Co., during his business career was unfortunate enough to sell quite an amount to one Jones, on time, of course. Now, Jones was an exceedingly polite man; in fact, as it afterwards proved, that weakness was about the only capital he ever did have.

Shortly after the purchase Jones failed, in the direct sense of the term, showing nothing to satisfy his creditors, among whom was Mr. B—— aforesaid. Notwithstanding Jones' misfortune, he continued the use of his favorite weapon, saluting Mr. B——, as often as they met, with all the airs of a Brummel. When Mr. B—— could endure this no longer, he met Jones one day, and taking him by the button-hole, said,

"Mr. Jones, you owe me a large sum, and your politeness annoys me. Walk into my store, and I will give you a receipt in full, on condition that you never speak to me again."

Imagine B——'s surprise, when Jones struck the old attitude, hat extended in the left hand, right hand on his heart, saying,

"Couldn't think of it, Mr. B——. I wouldn't forego that pleasure for four times the amount."

AFFECTING POEM.

One of our Northern contemporaries publishes the following, and italicises, as we do, the closing line. It is all very touching, but at the last line it culminates, and it is well that at that stage of his labors the poet rested, or he, too, would have been

"GONE!"

She is gone! Left alone is her old mother now,
And the furrows of grief gather fast on her brow;
And the hearth-cricket sings in a low, saddened tone,
As the old dame repeats "she is gone! she is gone!"

She is gone; and the moan of the chill Autumn wind
Lingers long round the cot that he leaveth behind;
Its old door nevermore will be ope'd by her hand,
For the mourned one abideth a sunnier land.

Yes, she lives in the land where perfumed zephyrs blow,
She hath find the approach of the ice and the snow:
Ah, she shrank from the north with its climate so chill,
And she's gone with her man to reside in Brazil!

A PICTURE OF THE WOODS.

The woods are all alike to one who walks through them with his mind in an excited state, and his eyes and ears open! The trees are always talking, not merely whispering *with their leaves, (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone* in the middle of a pasture,) but grating their boughs against each other as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling hands together—dropping a nut, or a leaf, or a twig, clicking to the tap of the woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch,

It was now the season of singing birds, and the woods were haunted with mysterious, tender music. The voices of the birds which love the deeper shades of the forest are sadder than those of the open field; these are the nuns that have taken the veil, the hermits that have hidden themselves away from the world and tell their griefs to the infinite listening Silences of the wilderness, for the one deeper inner silence Nature breaks with her fitful superficial sounds becomes multiplied as the image of a star in ruffled waters. Strange! The woods at first convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman; the little twigs are crossing, and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still; the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant curl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude; and the rounded masses of foliage swell upward and subdued from time to time with long soft sighs, and it may be, the falling of a few rain drops which had lain hidden among the deeper shadows.

I pray you, notice, in the sweet summer days which will soon see you among the mountains, this inward tranquillity that belongs to the heart of the woodland with this nervousness, for I know not what else to call it, of outer movement. One would say that Nature, like untrained persons, could not sit still without nestling about or doing something with her limbs or features, and that high breeding was only to be looked for in trim gardens, where the soul of the trees is still at ease, perhaps, but their manners are unexceptionable, and a rustling branch or leaf falling out of season is an indecorum. The real forest is hardly still except in the Indian Summer; then there is a death in the house, and they are waiting for the sharp shrunken months to come with white raiment for the Summer's burial.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Deer Forest.—The largest modern deer forest is that of the Duke of Athol, which, according to his evidence in the late case of the Earl of Wemyss against Campbell of Monzie, extends to 400,000 acres. The next is the forest of Farquhason of Invercauld, but which is partly under sheep and partly under deer, altogether about 130,000 Scotch acres. Next to which ranks Lord Fife's forest, of Mar, about 60,000 acres.—There are a number of other deer forests of much smaller extent, but the extent is not much increased of late years; and by comparison it will be found that the extent of ground under deer is now much less than it was a hundred years ago.—*Perthshire Courier.*

WONDERFUL ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENON.

Useful Orthographical Rule.—Among the other difficulties of English orthography is the relative position of *i* and *e* in the words ending in "iero" or "eive," and both in manuscript and print are seen "believe" and "beleive," "receive" and "recieve," "reprieve" and "repreive." The writer was somewhat surprised on being told, not long since, by a foreign lady, who was taught English in Holland, that there was a rule regulating the position of the letters referred to in all such words; and as it was new to him, and, so far as he has been able to discover, new to every one, he thinks it may prove useful to give it publicity.

When the preceding consonant is a letter which comes after *i* in the alphabet, *e* comes after *i* in the word, as "believe;" but when the preceding consonant comes before *i* in the alphabet, *e* comes before *i* in the word, as "receive."

The rule is invariable as applies to the class of words referred to, but is not of general application to words of one syllable, having the same vowels in juxtaposition: thus we have "niece," "ceil," &c., which conform to the rule; and "chief," "seize," &c., which do not.

A Comet and a Panic.—In the year 1712, Whiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th October, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on this belief, more as if some temporary evil was to be expected. There was a prodigious run on the bank, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time the head director, issued orders to all the fire officers in London, requiring them to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye upon the Bank of England.

The Shark.—In the United Service Museum, Whitehall Yard, London, are exhibited the "jaws of a shark," wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows:—A ship, on her way to the West Indies, "fell in with" and chased a suspicious-looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit, the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken into Port Royal, to be tried as a slaver. In absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion, a vessel came into port, which had followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box.—*Notes and Queries.*

The Art of Being Witty.—Sydney Smith says: "It is supposed that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically, and as successfully, to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it, that by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he would come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again."

The Outset in the World.—Don't be discouraged if, in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish for the future are realized. The path of life appears smooth and easy; but when we come to travel it, we find it up-hill, and generally smart enough. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances! Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own consciences than the opinion of men, though the latter is not to be disregarded.

Agricultural.

Bee Clamps.—Our obliging friend of the Biddeford Herald answers a recent inquiry of one of our correspondents as follows:

"We saw in the Maine Farmer of last week, that a subscriber to that excellent journal was desirous of finding out how clamps were constructed for wintering bees. As some of our readers who are interested in bees may like to be informed on this subject, we have concluded to publish our own experience in this business, together with what information we have received from others. As we have already said, we have made the study of the honey bee a speciality. We have faithfully investigated their habits, and the best way to treat them, both in winter and summer. We have tried many experiments in wintering bees, and have settled down on the clamping system, as the only true and safe method. The process is as follows:—Select a dry, sandy, if possible, piece of ground, make a hole three feet deep by four square, some larger, if the number of hives exceed half a dozen, but no deeper. Put across the aforesaid hole three joists, on which to rest the bee hives; place the hives as nearly together as possible, one above another if necessary. Make a temporary roof of boards over all, being very careful that the whole is tight, and that no vegetable matter to create dampness has been left in the whole. Cover the boards all over with about a foot of earth, after having first put two ventilators about three inches square into the dead air chamber underground. The ventilators are to be horizontal, coming out at the surface of the ground, and are to be covered over with wire gauze, to prevent the entrance of mice, &c. The clamp is not to be disturbed till all the snow has disappeared.

"With the above treatment bees will winter with very small amount of honey. In fact, it is hardly possible to perceive by the weight of a hive, whether they have consumed anything. The bees come out of their winter quarters, healthy and in good condition. The object sought is perfect quiet, complete darkness, an absence from all dampness, and an even temperature. These objects obtained, there is no trouble in wintering bees *anywhere.* If any of our readers wish further information on the subject, we shall be most happy to give the same by word of mouth."

Fallen Leaves.—The fallen leaves in the forests are good protection for the roots of trees against the cold of the snowless or open winters. They also equalize and continue the supply of moisture to the roots, during the season of vegetation and growth. The sap do not sink immediately into the soil of the forests, as in the cleared grounds, but percolate slowly through the bed of leaves covering the ground. The leaves should not be raked up in the woods for the purpose of making manure in the barn. They may be taken where they have blown against fences, into caverns or hollows. I would not rob the forest growth, to increase the growth of my crops. Sawdust will make a good bedding for horses and cattle. It would be good to rub horses down with.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Mulching Winter Wheat.—Our exchanges are recommending a plan adopted by Dr. C. Harlan, of Wilmington, in Delaware, for mulching, or protecting winter wheat. It is, to sow buckwheat with the wheat in the fall. This will grow up to some height, say one or two feet, before the frost kills it. It then lodges about the wheat and forms a protection to it, catching the snows and preventing the frost from throwing up and breaking the wheat roots. Something like this was practised twenty-five or thirty years ago with tolerable success in this State, by the late Charles Vaughan, of Hallowell. He sowed oats with his wheat, which, when killed by the frost, formed a very good mulch, or covering, to the crop of wheat during the winter.—*Maine Farmer.*

Peas.—As food for hogs, we consider a bushel of peas much superior to the same amount of corn. We have never had hogs gain faster than during the past three months, when fed entirely on peas: (since they have become dry enough to have them ground.) We have not made any close experiments, but should judge that our peas, when fed to hogs, must make about 15 lbs. of pork (live weight) per bushel, which at present prices would equal 73 to 92 cents.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

How to Cure Bacon.—In answer to a question—"How to cure bacon by the mild process"—the Irish Farmer's Gazette gives the following directions:

"Singe off the hair, and scrape thoroughly clean; when cut up, rub the flesh side well with common salt, and pack the pieces on top of each other on a tray with a gutter round it to catch the brine; once every four or five days the salt should be changed, and the flitches moved, placing those on top at the bottom; five or six weeks of this treatment will suffice to cure the bacon, when it may be hung up to dry, first rubbing them over with coarse bran, or any sort of sawdust except deal; if smoked be preferred, hang in the chimney; if not in a dry, airy part of the kitchen not too near the fire. We are not acquainted with the Limerick mercantile process; the Wicklow is similar to that given above and practiced by farmers there."

English Fruit.—I attended one of the largest fruit exhibitions in the country at the Crystal Palace in London. The apples were not worth looking at. Pears about middling. Plums and nectarines very fine. Hot-house grapes were remarkably good, and a few fair looking peaches grown under glass, also some things they call melons, which would do very well to feed the pigs with in America. The fruits in England, this year, are not high-flavored, but poor and insipid. The sun does not shine hot enough there to grow good-flavored fruit, but they are not troubled with worms in the fruit, as we are.—D. C. Richmond, *in Ohio Cultivator.*

Bits.—In a cold day of winter, when a horse's bits are full of frost, always *warm them thoroughly before placing them in the mouth.* Not to do this is very cruel. Touch your tongue or even a wet finger to a very cold piece of iron, and you can appreciate the importance of this hint. It may be a little trouble to do it, but it should be done. The frost may be taken out conveniently by placing the bits in water.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Cost of Marketing.—Gov. Kirkwood, of Iowa, in an address at the Muscatine County Fair, stated that it cost him about 20 per cent. to market his beeves; 40 per cent. on wheat, 60 on corn, and 4 per cent. on wool.

Useful Receipts.

Receipts Cider Sweet.—Mr. J. H. Dearing, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, gives his process as follows:—

"I procured a flat bottom boiler, placed some thin boards at the bottom to keep the hot iron from breaking the glass bottles; I filled the bottles with a sweet cider just from the press, up to the neck, and then filled the boiler with cold water. I then brought the water to a boil, and as soon as the cider swelled so as to run over the mouth of the bottles, I took them out and poured out enough to make room for the cork, drove it in, and I sealed it with rosin. I take particular care that the cider is not heated so as to injure its flavor. I have some which was put up in 1856, which is as sweet as when put up, and almost as clear."

To Restore Obliterated Writing on Parchment Deeds.—Dip the parchment into a vessel of fresh drawn spring water, and let it remain about a minute, then take it out, and press it between two sheets of blotting-paper, to prevent its crumpling. When it is nearly dry examine it, and if the writing is not restored, repeat the operation two or three times. If the fading is only the effect of time, you will, by this means, restore the writing to its pristine state; but if the ink has been removed by any chemical process, of course it cannot be restored.

How to Get Rid of Black Ants.—We take sage, and strew small quantities where they frequent, and have never yet failed in getting rid of them, not for a day or two only, but for the entire summer. Try it, you that are plagued with them, and we warrant you success. We hear much about camphor, but that with us never yet proved successful. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Oiling Leather.—Oils should not be applied to dry leather, as they would invariably injure it. If you wish to oil a harness, wet it over night; cover it with a blanket, and in the morning it will be dry and supple; then apply neat's-foot oil in small quantities, and with so much elbow-grease as will insure its disseminating itself throughout the leather.—A soft, pliant harness is easy to handle, and lasts longer than a neglected one. Never use vegetable oils on leather, and among animal oils neat's-foot is the best.

Ink Stains.—In a visit to Marseilles, a little incident came within my observation, which may prove serviceable to many of your large class of readers. In the Hotel des Empereur, where I was residing, an inkstand was accidentally overturned upon a beautiful table-spread; those present, thought that the cloth was injured. A servant being called in to remove the article from the table, all were surprised when he assured them no harm had been done, and more surprised still at witnessing the successful means resorted to for removing the ink stains. The servant sprinkled over the cloth a quantity of pepper and salt, and rubbed over its surface. The mixture soon absorbed every portion of the ink, and the table-spread was in as good a condition as before the accident. The spread was of woolen fabric. I have never had an occasion for testing the merits of this simple mixture, when applied in other cloths, but it certainly would not be attended with any bad result.—*New York World.*

Stone Jug.—This is the name of a prison. It arose from the following circumstances:—A king in India had a great jug made, and the trunk of a tree for the stopple, into which he was accustomed to put prisoners of war. On one occasion he had about one hundred men in it. The stopple was in, and he stood on the top of it, when the air inside became so dense that the stopple burst out, carrying the king some hundred yards into the air. Since then there have been no stone jugs, though our prisons have received the name.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA IN ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 8, 10, 15, 6, 6, was the capital of Hibernia or Ierne.
My 2, 13, 13, 10, was a mountain in Thessalia.
My 3, 14, 8, 11, 2, 13, was an island in the Egean Sea, near Thrace.
My 4, 2, 14, 10, was a division of Peloponesus.
My 5, 2, 8, 10, was the capital of a once powerful Empire.
My 6, 14, 5, 15, 4, was one of the ancient names of Ireland.
My 7, 3, 6, 10, 5, 7, 13, was an island on the coast of Gallia.
My 8, 14, 12, 6, 10, was a country of Asia, south of the Mare Caspium.
My 9, 10, 7, 13, was a river in Italia.
My 10, 2, 1, 6, 13, was a river in Germany.
My 11, 10, 5, 15, 6, 10, was a town of Umbria, in Italia.
My 12, 2, 16, 2, 11, 10, was a town of Meloscia, in Epirus.
My 13, 6, 15, 10, 6, was a mountain of Asia, on the Red Sea.
My 14, 9, 6, 13, was a town of Peloponnesus.
My 15, 6, 3, 7, 13, was a famous river in Egypt.
My 16, 4, 9, 2, 13, was one of the Cyclades in the Egean Sea.
My whole is the ancient and modern name of a noted cape on the southern coast of England.

Earpville, Texas. L. R

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 2, 13, 13, 11, 7, 12, 6, 15, 7, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 8, 9, 3, 5, 7, is an Empire in Asia.
My 4, 6, 10, 14, 16, is a river in Turkey.
My 10, 11, 13, 1, 9, is a city in Asia.
My whole is the name of a distinguished navigator. ALBERT M. MARTIN.

Sugar Grove, Pa.

CHARADE.

If you an animal transpose,
What grows by rivers you'll disclose;
Omit a letter of the same,
And you will find a river's name;
Omit a different one, and you
A color bright will bring to view. L. C.

RIDDLE.

There is, I've read, a town in Spain,
Which letters five serve to explain—
Though only two of different kind
You can amongst this number find—
'Tis forwards, backwards, all the same.
Now, reader, pray reveal my name?
IAGO FLYNONAU.

RIDDLE.

My head and tail both equal are,
My middle slender as a bee,
Whether I stand on head or heel,
'Tis all the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off,
The matter's true, although 'tis strange,
My head and body sever'd thus,
Immediately to nothing change.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many bricks will it require to construct the walls of a house 33 feet long, 49 feet wide, and 32 feet high? The walls are to be 1 foot 6 inches thick. There are 7 doors, 7 feet 8 inches high, and 3 feet 10 inches wide; also 16 windows, 3 feet 2 inches wide, and 6 feet 4 inches high, and 18 windows that are 2 feet 10 inches wide and 6 feet high. Each brick is to be 8 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 2 inches thick?

LA FAYETTE CARUTHERS.

Fredericktown, Missouri.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Carey has between six and ten dollars in dimes and half dimes. He observes that ⅗ the remainder, arising from the subtraction of 4 times the value of the half dimes, from 5 times the value of the dimes, is equal to 2 cents less than 3-5 the value of the half dimes, diminished by 3-5 the value of the dimes. How much money has he? How many different pieces of each sort?

Sharpsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa. T. L. M.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find the *least* number ending in 37 which is divisible by 19, 21 and 23?

Amsterdam, N. Y. P. BARTON

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who is it that is in two situations at once? Ans.—A lover, for when he is beside his fair one he is usually beside himself.

☞ When is a vessel like a drowned dog? Ans.—When it is a sunken bark.

☞ Vanity Fair propounds the following: Why was it very strange for John Bunyan to be the author of Pilgrim's Progress? Ans.—Because all other *bunions* that ever were heard of impede the progress of pilgrims.

☞ English Conundrum.—Why is one-and-sixpence like an aversion to "small change?" Ans.—Because it's "*hating-pence*" (eighteen-pence!) Ha! ha!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Hopes and Helps for the Young." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The discovery of America, by Columbus. DOUBLE REBUS—H. Hamlin, In Maine. Hawaii, Hermon, Amsterdam, Manitoba, Lipan, Irwin, Nile. GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA—Table—common nouns, bat, tale, bale, ale, tea, belt, teal—proper nouns, Abel, Elba—article, A—adverb, late—preposition, at—adjective, able—verbs, bleat, beat, eat, bet, let, be. CHARADE—Match lock.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, by A. B. D., published October 30th.—146.83697453-7708 cubic inches consumed.

C. P. Wagner, Cincinnati, Ohio, differs from the answer given to the PROBLEM published Nov. 24th. His answer is as follows—Pigeon flies at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and flies 670 miles; the hawk flies 804, and the eagle 988 miles; the eagle curves north 268-938 of a mile every mile it flies, and the hawk 154-804 of a mile every mile it flies.